


ROMEO AND JULIET



CAMEO CLASSICS



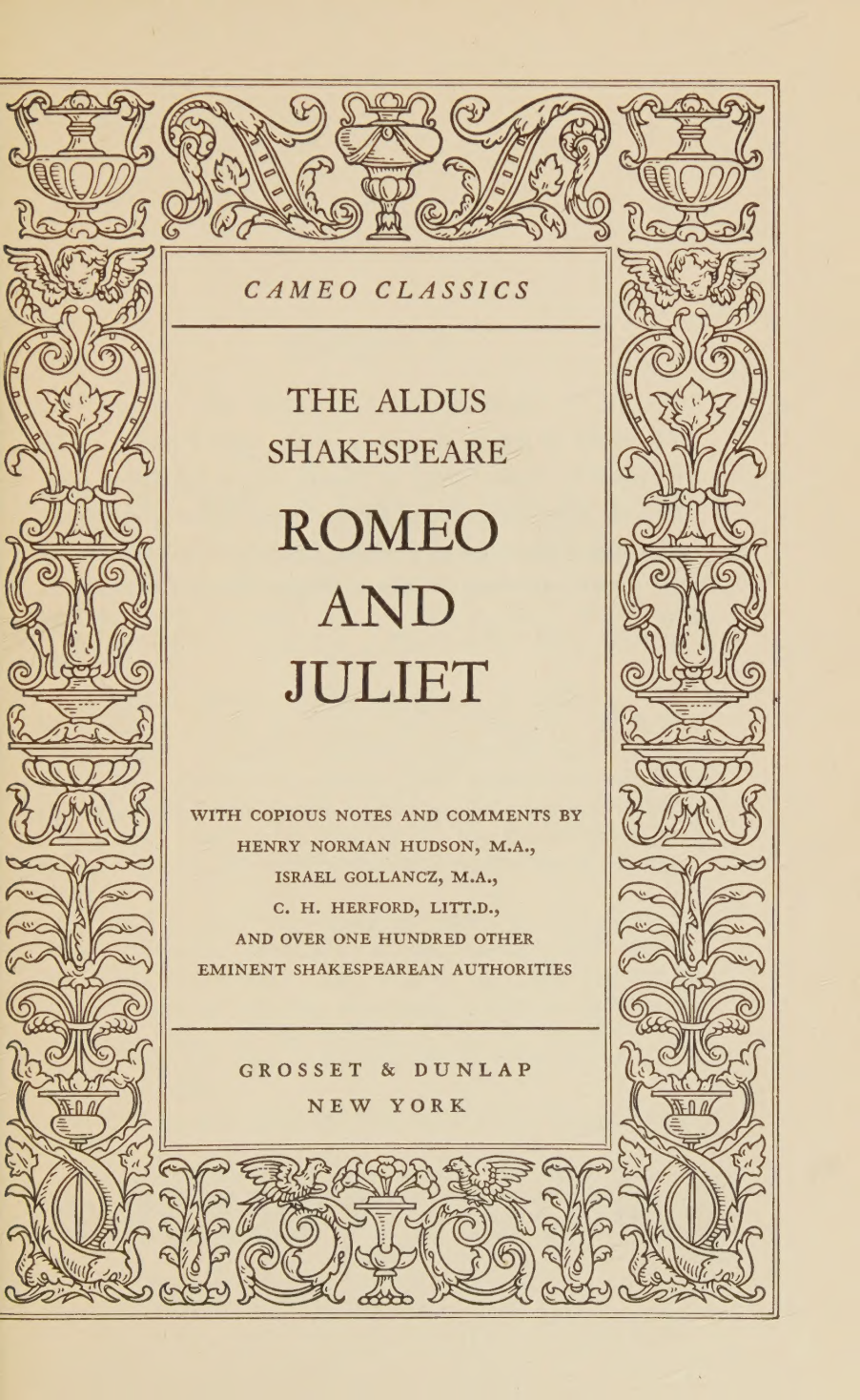
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

Carol M. Hanson
Graduation 1937

From Phyllis Jansen -

**THE TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET**

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.



CAMEO CLASSICS

THE ALDUS
SHAKESPEARE
**ROMEO
AND
JULIET**

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.,
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.,
C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.,
AND OVER ONE HUNDRED OTHER
EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN AUTHORITIES

GROSSET & DUNLAP
NEW YORK

The cameo of Johann Gutenberg on the cover is from a medal produced by Anton Scharff, of Vienna, for the late Robert Hoe, from the head of the famous portrait statue of Gutenberg by the American sculptor, Ralph Goddard. Permission to use the medal was granted by the owner, William Edwin Rudge.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE EARLIEST EDITIONS

The First Edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was a quarto published in 1597 with the following title-page:—

“An | EXCELLENT | conceited Tragedie | of | Romeo and
Iuliet, | As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid
publiquely by the right Ho- | nourable the L. of *Hunsdon*
| his Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed by Iohn Danter. |
1597. | ”

A second quarto edition appeared in 1599:— “The |
Most Ex- | cellent and lamentable | Tragedie, of Romeo
| and *Iuliet*. | *Newly* corrected, augmented, and | amend-
ed: | As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by
the | right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.
| LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Bur-
by, and are to | be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. |
1599.”

A third quarto was issued in 1609, as “acted by the
King’s Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe,” and “printed
for Iohn Smethwick;” this edition was subsequently re-
printed, with an undated title-page, giving us for the first
time the name of the author—“written by *W. Shake-
speare*,” though this additional information is not found
in all the copies.

A fifth quarto, identical with the fourth, bears the date
of 1637.

The text of the First Folio version was taken from the
third quarto; many errors therein seem due to the composi-
tors. The second quarto is our best authority for the play,

though "it is certain that it was not printed from the author's MS., but from a transcript, the writer of which was not only careless, but thought fit to take unwarrantable liberties with the text." It formed the basis of the third quarto; this again was used for the fourth, and the fourth was reprinted as the fifth edition; all these are therefore often in agreement, and are referred to as Qq.

Quarto 1, which is nearly one quarter less than Quarto 2 (2,232 lines as against 3,007), was evidently made up from shorthand notes taken at the theater, supplemented by copies of portions of the original play, which for the most part appears to have agreed with the authorized version of 1599, though certain essential differences between the two editions make it probable that many a passage had been revised, re-written, or augmented (*e.g.* Act II, sc. vi, the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at the Friar's cell; Act IV, sc. v, the lamentations over Juliet; Act V, sc. iii, 12-17). In spite of its many defects, the First Quarto cannot be altogether neglected in dealing with the text of the play. The theory, however, that it gives us "a fairly accurate version of the play as it was first written" is now held by few scholars.¹

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The evidence seems to point to as early a year as 1591 for the date of the composition of *Romeo and Juliet*, at least in its first form, though the play, as we know it, may safely be dated *circa* 1596.

In proof of the early date the following are noteworthy points:—(i) in Weever's *Epigrams*, written before 1595,

¹ The First quarto has been reprinted by the Cambridge Editors, and in Mr. Furness' Variorum Edition; there is a facsimile edition of Qq. 1, 2, 4, in *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*; there are two valuable critical parallel editions of the First and Second quartos, by Tycho Mommsen (published in 1859, with a full study of the textual problems), and by P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Society*, 1874); a summary of the various theories held by scholars on the relationship of the quartos, etc., is to be found in Furness, pp. 415-424.

Romeo is alluded to as one of Shakespeare's popular characters; (ii) the allusions (I, iii, 23, 25) to the earthquake seem to refer to a famous earthquake felt in London in 1580; (iii) passages in Daniel's *Complainte of Rosamunde*, 1592, are probably reminiscent of Romeo's speech in presence of Juliet in the tomb;¹ (iv) there are several striking parallels in *Romeo and Juliet* and Marlowe's plays² and other early dramas (*e.g.* Dr. Dodipoll, written before 1596); certain passages in undoubtedly early plays, *e.g.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act V, ii, 1-10) suggest points of contact with the present play.

But over and above these external points must be placed the internal evidence, which places *Romeo and Juliet* among the early love-plays:—(i) the frequency of rhyme, much of it in the form of alternate rhymes; (ii) the conceits, word-play, alliteration, and the like; (iii) the lyrical character of the whole. It is peculiarly striking that the three chief forms of medieval love-poetry are to be found in the play: (i) in the *sonnet-form* of the first meeting of the lovers; (ii) in the *serena*, or evening-song, of Juliet (Act III, sc. ii, 1-33); (iii) in the *alba*, or dawn-song, of the parting lovers (Act III, sc. v, 1-36).

To these typical lyrical pieces should be added Paris'

¹ The argument might, of course, work the other way (and it is often taken so), but Daniel was notorious for his conveyance of Shakespearian beauties, and is alluded to, from his point of view, in *The Return from Parnassus*, where a character, Gallio by name, shows too ready a knowledge of the play, and Ingenioso observes in an "aside":—"Mark, Romeo and Juliet. O monstrous theft! I think he will run through a book of Samuel Daniell's." The meaning of this comment is clear from the third play of the "Parnassus Trilogy," where the criticism on Daniel is to this effect:—

"Only let him more sparingly make use
Of others' wit and use his own the more."

² *E. g.* The first lines of Juliet's "*Serena*" seem like an echo of a passage in EDWARD II:—"Gallop apace bright Phœbus thro' the sky," etc.

highest lyrical expression, the graceful though conventional elegiac sestet (V, iii, 12-18).¹

Finally, one must not overlook the close connection of the play with the sonnets, many of which, as we know from Meres, must have been written before 1598; it is a pity we cannot definitely date Sonnet cxvi:—

“Love is not love
Which alters where it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle’s compass comes. . . .”

THE PLOT

A story having the same features as *Romeo and Juliet* has been found in a Greek medieval Romance of the fifth century, but whatever its ultimate origin, the story eventually became localized in Italy, the Veronese fixing the date of the tragedy in the year 1303. Dante, reproaching the Emperor Albert for the neglect of Italy (*Purg.* vi), alludes thus to the Montagues and Capulets:—

“Vieni, a veder Montechi e Capelletti,” etc.²

Although several earlier Italian stories exist recalling that of *Romeo and Juliet*, these names of the lovers are not found in Italian literature till about 1530, when their history, “*historia novellamente ritrovata di duo nobili amanti*,” was first told by Luigi da Porto, who, a love-sick soldier, once heard the story from his favorite archer, the Veronese Peregrino, as they rode along the lonely road from Gradisca and Udine, in the country of Friuli. Peregrino’s story was in all probability based on an old tale

¹ Contrast this with Romeo’s blank verse speech, which immediately follows. Nothing could be more significant.

² “Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
The Filippeschi and Monaldi, man,
Who car’st for nought! Those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack’d.”

found among the *Novelle* of Masuccio Salernitano, printed at Naples in 1476. Da Porto's novel became very popular, and several renderings were made of the story.¹ Most important is that of Bandello (1554), which was translated into French by Boisteau, and included in his famous *Histoires Tragiques* (1559), whence were derived two English versions:—(i) Arthur Brooke's poem (1562), and (ii) Paynter's novel (1567), included in the *Palace of Pleasure*.

THE POEM AND THE PLAY

Shakespeare probably consulted both these versions of the story, but Brooke's poem was his main source. He followed it closely; here and there the play betrays a slight influence upon its diction; conceits and antitheses in the poem may occasionally be parallel from the play. The plot of the two versions is substantially the same,² but Shakespeare shows his dramatic skill in dealing with the materials—*e.g.* (i) he compresses the action, which in the story occupies four or five months, into as many days; (ii) he recreates the character of Mercutio, who in the poem is a mere "courtier bold among the bashful maydes"; (iii) he makes Paris die at the grave of Juliet by the hand of Romeo; in the poem nothing is heard of the Count after his disappointment.

But though in subject Shakespeare follows Brooke, it need hardly be said that in its spirit—in its transfiguration of the story—the play altogether transcends the poem; a

¹ In 1552 Gabriel Giolito published in Venice a poem on the subject; its author was probably Gherardo Boldiero. Ten years previously (1542) Adrian Sevin, the translator of Boccaccio's *Philocopo*, gave the story in French, though the names of the lovers became strangely changed in his version. (The sources are discussed in Simrock's *Quellen*, Furness' *Variorum Edition*, etc.; specially valuable is Daniel's *Originals and Analogues*, Part I. *New Shak. Soc.*).

² In the versions of Da Porto and Bandello, and in Garrick's acting version of Shakespeare's play, Juliet wakes from her sleep while Romeo still lives; Shakespeare follows Brooke and Paynter in the catastrophe of the play. On the other hand, Shakespeare makes Juliet two years younger than she is in Brooke's poem.

greater effort than Brooke's wearisome production ¹ would pale its uneffectual fire before the glowing warmth of this Song of Songs of Romantic Passion.

EARLY PLAYS ON "ROMEO AND JULIET"

In his "address to the reader," Brooke speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for." No trace has been discovered of the drama alluded to; it is difficult to imagine a popular Romantic play belonging to this early date (c. 1562), and no doubt Brooke was referring to some such Academic production as *Tancred and Gismunda*; possibly the play in question was an exercise in Latin ² verse, acted in a College Hall or at the Inns of Court.

The earliest extant play on the subject of Romeo and Juliet is *La Hadriana*, by the blind poet and actor, Luigi Groto; its date is 1578. There are some few striking resemblances with Shakespeare's play; the most noteworthy being the parting of the two lovers.³

¹ A short specimen will perhaps interest the reader:—

"At last with trembling voice and shamefast cheer the maid
Unto her Romeus turned herself, and thus to him she said:—
O blessed be the time of thy arrival here:
But ere she could speak forth the rest, to her love drew so near;
And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast
That no one word could scape her more, than what already past."

² There exist indeed among the Sloane MSS. the fragments of a Latin version of the story, evidently the exercise of a Cambridge student, but the MS. belongs, I think, to the beginning of the 17th century. It is nevertheless an interesting curiosity.

³ J. C. Walker, in his *Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, first called attention to the play from this point of view, and translated the passage in question; *e. g.*

Latino. If I err not, the lamp of day is nigh.

List to the nightingale, that wakes with us,
With us laments mid thorns; and now the dew,
Like our tears, pearls the grass. Ah me, alas,
Turn towards the east thy face—etc.

Groto's play was certainly known in England; there is an annotated copy among the dramatist Ruggles' books at Clare College.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Preface

Shakespeare's great contemporary, the Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, used the same subject for one of his bright and graceful "cloak and sword comedies," under the title of *Castelvines y Monteses*. Again, Lope's successor, Francisco de Rojas y Zorrilla, was drawn to the theme, and founded upon it his *Los Bandos de Verona*.¹

As early as 1626, if not earlier, a version of Shakespeare's play was known in Germany (*v. Cohn's Shakespeare in Germany in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries*). On the many English acting perversions of the tragedy, it is unnecessary to comment.

DURATION OF ACTION

Shakespeare's compression of the story has already been referred to; four or five days cover the whole action of the play, the rapidity of events effectively harmonizing with the "local color," with the violent love and violent hate of the impulsive South, "too like the lightning."

The lovers meet on Sunday; they are wedded on Monday; they part at dawn on Tuesday; they are re-united in death on the night of Thursday.

"O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire!"

¹ F. W. Cosens published a translation of both plays in a privately printed edition. A full summary of Lope's drama is to be found in Furness' "*Variorum*" *Romeo and Juliet*.

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

THE story, which furnished the ground-work of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*, was exceedingly popular in Shakespeare's time; it had been made so to his hand, and of course it became more so in his hand. Mr. Douce has shown, that in some of its main incidents it bears a strong resemblance to an old Greek romance by Xenophon of Ephesus, entitled *The Love-adventures of Abrocomas and Anthia*. The original author, however, of the story as received in the Poet's time was Luigi da Porto, of Vincenza, who died in 1529. His novel, called *La Giulietta*, was first published in 1535, six years after his death. In an epistle prefixed to the work, the author says that the story was told by "an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well-practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker." Luigi's work was reprinted in 1539, and again in 1553. From him the matter was borrowed and improved by Bandello, who published it in 1554, making it the ninth novel in the second part of his collection. Bandello represents the incidents to have occurred when Bartholomew Scaliger was lord of Verona. And it may be worth noting, that the Veronese, who believe the tale to be historically true, fix its date in 1303, at which time the family of Scala or Scaliger held the rule of the city.

The story is next met with in the *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest. It makes the third piece in that collection; and, as the first six pieces were rendered into French by Boisteau, it follows that this tale was translated by

him, and not by Belleforest. The *Histoires Tragiques* were professedly taken from Bandello, but some of them vary considerably from the Italian; as in this very piece, according to Bandello, Juliet awakes from her trance in time to hear Romeo speak and see him die, and then, instead of stabbing herself with his dagger, dies apparently of a broken heart; whereas Boisteau has it the same in this respect as we find it in the play.

The earliest English version of the story, that has come down to us, is a poem entitled *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, written by Arthur Brooke, and published in 1562. This purports to be from the Italian of Bandello, but the French of Boisteau was evidently made use of by Brooke, as his version agrees with the French in making the heroine's trance continue till after the death of her lover. In some respects, however, the poem is entitled to the rank of an original work; the author not tying himself strictly to any known authority, but giving something of freedom to his own invention. We say "known" authority, because in his prose introduction Brooke informs us that the tale had already been put to work on the English stage. His words are as follows: "Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for, yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to like good effect, if the readers do bring with them like good minds to consider it; which hath the more encouraged me to publish it, such as it is."

The only ancient reprint of Brooke's poem known to us was made in 1587; though it was entered a second time at the Stationers' in 1582. Malone set forth an edition of it in 1780; and in our own time Mr. Collier has given a very careful and accurate reprint of it in his *Shakespeare's Library*. In sentiment, imagery, and versification, the poem has very considerable merit. It is written in rhyme, the lines consisting, alternately, of twelve and fourteen syllables. On the whole, it may rank among the best specimens we have of the popular English literature of that

period; being not so remarkable for reproducing the faults of the time, as for rising above them.

Of Brooke himself very little is known. In a poetical address "to the Reader," prefixed to the *Tragical History*, he speaks of this as "my youthful work," and informs us that he had written other works "in divers kinds of style." We learn, also, from the body of the poem, that he was unmarried; and in 1563 there came out *An Agreement of sundry Places of Scripture*, by Arthur Brooke, with some verses prefixed by Thomas Brooke, informing us that the author had perished by shipwreck. George Turberville, also, in his *Epitaphs and Epigrams*, 1567, has one "On the Death of Master Arthur Brooke, drowned in passing to Newhaven"; and mentions the story of Romeus and Juliet as proving that he "for metre did excel."

In 1567, five years after the date of Brooke's poem, a prose version of the same tale was published by William Paynter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, a collection of stories made from divers sources, ancient and modern. Paynter calls it *The goodly History of the true and constant love between Rhomeo and Julietta*. It is merely a literal translation from the French of Boisteau, and by no means skillfully done, at that; though even here the interest of the tale is such as to triumph over the bungling rudeness of the translator. This version, also, has been lately reprinted by Mr. Collier in the work mentioned above.

These two are the only English forms, of an earlier date than the tragedy, in which the story has reached us. But the contemporary references to it are such and so many as to show that it must have stood very high in popular favor. For instance, a brief argument of the tale is given by Thomas Delapeend in his *Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis*, 1565; and Barnabe Rich, in his *Dialogue between Mercury and a Soldier*, 1574, says that the story was so well known as to be represented on tapestry. Allusions to it are also found in *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578; in *A Poor Knight's Palace of Private Pleasure*, 1579; and in Austin Saker's

ROMEO AND JULIET

Introduction

Narbonus, 1580. After this time, such notices become still more frequent and particular; and the Stationers' books show an entry of *A new Ballad of Romeo and Juliet*, by Edward White, in 1596; of which, however, nothing has been discovered in modern times.

This popularity was doubtless owing in a large measure to the use of the story in dramatic form. We have already found that Brooke had seen it on the stage before 1562. That so great and general a favorite should have been suffered to leave the boards after having once tried its strength there, is nowise probable: so that we may presume it to have been kept at home on the stage in one shape or another, till Shakespeare took it in hand, and so far eclipsed all who had touched it before, that their labors were left to perish.

Whether Shakespeare availed himself of any preceding drama on the subject, we are of course without the means of knowing. Nor, in fact, can we trace a connection between the tragedy and any other work except Brooke's poem. That he made considerable use of this, is abundantly certain, as may be seen from divers verbal resemblances set forth in our notes. That he was acquainted with Paynter's version, is indeed more than probable; but we can discover no sign of his having resorted to it for the matter of his scenes, as the play has nothing in common with this, but what this also has in common with the poem. On the other hand, besides the verbal resemblances set forth in our notes, the play agrees with Brooke in divers particulars where Brooke differs from Paynter. The strongest instance, perhaps, of this is in the part of the Nurse, which is considerably extended in the poem: especially, she there endeavors, as in the play, to persuade Juliet into the marriage with Paris; of which there is no trace in the prose version. Moreover, the character of the Nurse has in the poem a dash of original humor, approaching somewhat, though not much, towards the Poet's representation of her. As regards the incidents, the only differences worth noting between the poem and the play

are in the death of Mercutio, and in the meeting of Romeo and Paris, and the death of the latter, at the tomb of Juliet.

The play was first printed in 1597, with a title-page reading as follows: "An excellent-conceited Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, As it hath been often, with great applause, played publicly, by the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his Servants. London. Printed by John Danter. 1597." Here we have one point worth special noting. Until the accession of James, the company to which Shakespeare belonged were, as we have repeatedly seen, called "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants." Henry Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, died on July 22, 1596. George, the successor to his title, did not immediately succeed to the office; this was conferred on Lord Cobham, who held it till his death in March, 1597; and the new Lord Hunsdon did not become Lord Chamberlain till April 17. It was only during this interval that the company in question were known as the Lord Hunsdon's Servants. Malone hence concludes that the play was first performed between July, 1596, and April, 1597; but this is by no means certain; it merely proves that the play was printed during that period: for, however the company may have been designated at the first acting of the play, they would naturally have been spoken of in the title-page as the Lord Hunsdon's Servants, if they were so known at the time of the printing.

Another question, that may as well be disposed of here, is, whether the first issue of *Romeo and Juliet* was authentic and complete, as the play then stood; which question is best answered by Mr. Collier. "This edition," says he, "is in two different types, and was probably executed in haste by two different printers. It has been generally treated as an authorized impression from an authentic manuscript. Such, after the most careful examination, is not our opinion. We think that the manuscript used by the printer or printers was made up, partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly obtained, and partly

from notes taken at the theater during representation. Our principal ground for this notion is, that there is such great inequality in different scenes and speeches, and in some places precisely that degree and kind of imperfectness, which would belong to manuscript prepared from defective short-hand notes. We do not of course go the length of contending that Shakespeare did not alter and improve the play subsequent to its earliest production on the stage; but merely that the quarto of 1597 does not contain the tragedy as it was originally represented."

The next issue of the play was in a quarto pamphlet, the title-page reading thus: "The most excellent and lamentable Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. London: Printed by Thomas Creede for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop near the Exchange. 1599." There was a third quarto issue in 1609, which was merely a reprint of the foregoing, save that in the title-page we have, "acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe," and "Printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet-street, under the Dial." There was also a fourth edition in quarto, undated, but probably issued between 1609 and 1623. The folio of 1623 gives it as the fourth in the division of Tragedies, and without any marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have, *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*" The folio, though omitting several passages found in the quarto of 1609, is shown, by the repetition of certain typographical errors, to have been printed from that copy. In our text, as in that of most modern editions, the quarto of 1599 is taken as the basis, and the other old copies drawn upon for the correction of errors.

As may well be supposed, the second issue evinces a considerably stronger and riper authorship than the first; for of course the Poet would hardly proceed to rewrite the play until he thought that he could make important

changes for the better. How much the play was "augmented" may be judged from the fact that in Steevens' reprint of the editions of 1597 and 1609, both of which are in the same volume and the same type, the first occupies only 73 pages, the other 99. The augmentations are much more important in quality than in quantity; and both these and the corrections show a degree of judgment and tact hardly consistent with the old notion of the Poet having been a careless writer; though it is indeed much to be regretted that he did not carry his older and severer hand into some parts of the play, which he left in their original state.

The date more commonly assigned for the writing of this tragedy is 1596. This is allowing only a space of about two years between the writing and rewriting of the play; and we fully agree with Knight and Verplanck, that the second edition shows such a measure of progress in judgment, in the cast of thought, and in dramatic power, as would naturally infer a much longer interval. And the argument derived from this circumstance is strengthened by another piece of internal evidence. The Nurse, in reckoning up the age of Juliet, has the following:

"On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry: I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before she broke her brow."

This passage was first pointed out by Tyrwhitt as probably referring to a very memorable event thus spoken of by the English chronicler of that period: "On the 6th of April, 1580, being Wednesday in Easter week, about 6 o'clock toward evening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generally throughout all England,

caused such amazement among the people as was wonderful for the time." There are indeed discrepancies in what the Nurse says, that more or less dash the certainty of the allusion. First, she says that Juliet was not weaned, then, proud of "bearing a brain," gets entangled in her reminiscent garrulity, and at last ties up in the remembrance that she could talk and "waddle all about;" but yet she sticks to the "eleven years." It is not so much, therefore, to what was in her thoughts, as to what was in theirs for whom the speech was written, that we must look for the bearing of the allusion.

Now, at the time of the event in question, the great clock at Westminster and divers other clocks and bells struck of themselves with the shaking of the earth: the lawyers supping in the Temple ran from their tables and out of the halls, with the knives in their hands: the people assembled at the theaters rushed forth into the fields, lest the galleries should fall: the roof of Christ Church near Newgate-market was so shaken that a stone dropped out of it, killing two persons, it being sermon time: chimneys were toppled down, and houses shattered. All which circumstances were well adapted to keep the event fresh in popular remembrance; and it was with this remembrance, most likely, that the Poet mainly concerned himself. We give the rest of the argument in the words of Knight: "Shakespeare knew the double world in which an excited audience lives; the half belief in the world of poetry amongst which they are placed during a theatrical representation, and the half consciousness of the external world of their ordinary life. The ready disposition of every audience to make a transition from the scene before them to the scene in which they ordinarily move, is perfectly well known to all who are acquainted with the machinery of the drama. In the case before us, even if Shakespeare had not this principle in view, the association of the English earthquake must have been strongly in his mind, when he made the Nurse date from an earthquake. Without reference to the circumstance of Juliet's age, he would

naturally, dating from the earthquake, have made the date refer to the period of his writing the passage, instead of the period of Juliet's being weaned. But, according to the Nurse's chronology, Juliet had not arrived at that epoch in the lives of children, till she was three years old. The very contradiction shows that Shakespeare had another object in view than that of making the Nurse's chronology tally with the age of her nursling."

This of course would throw the original writing of the play back to the year 1591, or thereabouts, and so give ample time for the growth of mind indicated by the additions and improvements of the second issue. However, we do not regard the argument from the Nurse's speech as conclusive; for, even granting the Poet to have had his thoughts on the particular earthquake in question, it does not follow that he would have made the Nurse perfectly accurate in her reckoning of time. It may be worth observing, in this connection, that there appears some little remembrance, one way or the other, between the play and Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, published in 1592. It will be seen, from the latter, that, except in one slight particular, the resemblances both of thought and expression are not found in the oldest copy of the play. Nor even in that particular is the resemblance so close as to infer any more acquaintance than might well enough have been formed by the ear; and Daniel was a man of theatrical tastes. So that this does not necessarily make against 1591 as Shakespeare's true date; though whether Daniel first improved upon him, and then he upon Daniel, or whether the original writing of the play was not till after the printing of the poem, cannot with certainty be affirmed.

At all events, we are quite satisfied, from many, though for the most part undefinable, tricks of style, that the tragedy in its original state was produced somewhere between 1591 and 1595. The cast of thought and imagery, but especially the large infusion, not to say preponderance, of the lyrical element, naturally associates it to the same

ROMEO AND JULIET

Introduction

stage of art and authorship which gave us *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. The resemblance of the two plays in these respects is too strong and clear, we think, to escape any studious eye, well-practiced in discerning the Poet's different styles. And a diligent comparison of *Romeo and Juliet* with, for example, the poetical scenes in the *First Part of King Henry IV*, which was published in 1598, will suffice for the conclusion that the former must have been written several years before the latter.

We have seen that nearly all the incidents of the tragedy were borrowed, the Poet's invention herein being confined to the duel of Mercutio and Tybalt, and the meeting of Romeo and Paris at the tomb. In the older English versions of the story, there is a general fight between the partisans of the two houses; when, after many have been killed and wounded on both sides, Romeo comes in, tries in vain to appease with gentle words the fury of Tybalt, and at last kills him in self-defense. What a vast gain of dramatic life and spirit is made by Shakespeare's change in this point, is too obvious to need insisting on. Much of a certain amiable grace, also, is reflected upon Paris from the circumstances that occasion his death; and the character of the heroine is proportionably raised by the beauty and pathos thus shed around her second lover; there being, in the older versions, a cold and selfish policy in his love-making, which dishonors both himself and the object of it. The judicious bent of the Poet's invention is the more apparent in these particulars, that in the others he did but reproduce what he found in Brooke's poem. Moreover, the incidents, throughout, are disposed and worked out with all imaginable skill for dramatic effect; so that what was before a comparatively lymphatic and lazy narrative is made redundant of animation and interest.

In respect of character, too, the play has little of formal originality beyond Mercutio and the Nurse; though all are indeed set forth with a depth and vigor and clearness of delineation to which the older versions of the tale can

make no pretension. It scarce need be said, that the two characters named are, in the Poet's workmanship, as different as can well be conceived from any thing that was done to his hand. But what is most worthy of remark, here, is, that he just inverts the relation between the incidents and the characterization, using the former merely to support the latter, instead of being supported by it. Before, the persons served but as a sort of frame-work for the story; here, the story is made to serve but as canvas for the portraiture of character. So that, notwithstanding the large borrowings of incident and character, the play, as a whole, has eminently the stamp of an original work; and, which is more, an acquaintance with the sources drawn upon nowise diminishes our impression of its originality.

Before proceeding further, we must make some abatements from the indiscriminate praise which this drama has of late received. For criticism, in its natural and just reaction from the mechanical methods formerly in vogue, has run to the opposite extreme of unreserved special-pleading, and of hunting out of nature after reasons for unqualified approval; by which course it stultifies itself without really helping the subject. Now, we cannot deny, and care not to disguise, that in several places this play is sadly blemished with ingenious and elaborate affectations. We refer not now to the conceits which Romeo indulges in so freely before his meeting with Juliet; for, in his then state of mind, such self-centered and fantastical eddyings of thought may be not altogether without reason, as proceeding not from genuine passion, but rather from the want of it: he may be excused for playing with these little smoke-wreaths of fancy, forasmuch as the true flame is not yet kindled in his heart. But, surely, this excuse will not serve for those which are vented so profusely by the heroine even in her most impassioned moments; as, especially, in her dialogue with the Nurse in the second scene of Act III. Yet Knight boldly justifies these, calling them "the results of strong emotion, seeking to relieve itself by a violent effort of the intellect, that the will

may recover its balance." Which is either a piece of forced and far fetched attorneyship, or else it is too deep for our comprehension. No, no! these things are plain disfigurements and blemishes, and criticism will best serve its proper end by calling them so. And if there be any sufficient apology for them, doubtless it is this,—That they grew from the general custom and conventional pressure of the time, and were written before the Poet had by practice and experience worked himself above these into the original strength and rectitude of his genius. And we submit, that any unsophisticated criticism, however broad and liberal, will naturally regard them as the effects of imitation, not of mental character, because they are plainly out of keeping with the general style of the piece, and strike against the grain of the sentiment which that style inspires.

Bating certain considerable drawbacks on this score,—and the fault disappears after Act III,—the play gives the impression of having been all conceived and struck out in the full heat and glow of youthful passion; as if the Poet's genius were for the time thoroughly possessed with the spirit and temper of the subject, so that every thing becomes touched with its efficacy;—while at the same time the passion, though carried to the utmost intensity, is every where so pervaded with the light and grace of imagination, that it kindles but to ennoble and exalt. For richness of poetical coloring—poured out with lavish hand indeed, but yet so managed as not to interfere either with the development of character or the proper dramatic effect, but rather to heighten them both—it may challenge a comparison with any of the Poet's dramas.

It is this intense passion, acting through the imagination, that gives to the play its remarkable unity of effect. On this point, Coleridge has spoken with such rare felicity that his words ought always to go with the subject. "That law of unity," says he, "which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all

times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read *Romeo and Juliet*:—all is youth and spring;—youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies;—spring with its odors, its flowers, and its transiency;—it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring: with *Romeo*, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth;—whilst in *Juliet* love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh, like the last breeze of the Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare.”

In accordance with the principles here suggested, we find every thing on the run; all the passions of the drama are in the same fiery-footed and unmanageable excess: the impatient vehemence of old *Capulet*, the furious valor of *Tybalt*, the brilliant volubility of *Mercutio*, the petulant loquacity of the Nurse, being all but so many symptoms of the reigning irritability and impetuosity. Amid this general stress of impassioned life, old animosities are re-kindled, old feuds have broken out anew; while the efforts of private friendship and public authority to quench the strife only go to prove it unquenchable, the same violent passions that have caused the tumults being brought to the suppression of them. The prevalence of extreme hate serves of course to generate the opposite extreme; out of the most passionate and fatal enmities there naturally springs a love as passionate and fatal. With dispositions too gentle and noble to share in the animosities so rife about them, the hearts of the lovers are but rendered thereby the more alive and open to impressions of a contrary nature; the fierce rancor of their houses only swelling in them the emotions that prevent their sympathizing with it.

In this way, both the persons and the readers of the drama are prepared for the forthcoming issues: the lead-

ROMEO AND JULIET

Introduction

ing passion, intense as it is, being so associated with others of equal intensity, that we receive it without any sense of disproportion to nature; whereas, if cut out of the harmony in which it exists, it would seem overwrought and incredible. Thus the Poet secures continuity of impression, and carries us smoothly along through all the aching joys and giddy transports of the lovers, by his manner of disposing the objects and persons about them. And he does this with so much ease as not to betray his exertions; his means are hidden in the skill with which he uses them; and we forget the height to which he soars, because he has the strength of wing to bear us along with him, or rather gives us wings to rise with him of ourselves.

Not the least considerable feature of this drama is, how, by divers little showings, we are let into the general condition of life where the scene is laid, and how this again is made to throw light on the main action. We see before us a most artificial and unhealthy state of society, where all the safety-valves of nature are closed up by an oppressive conventionality, and where the better passions, being clogged down to their source, have turned their strength into the worse; men's antipathies being the more violent, because no free play is given to their sympathies. Principle and impulse are often spoken of as opposed to each other; and, as men are, such is indeed too often the case: but in ingenuous natures and in well ordered societies the two grow forth together, each serving to unfold and deepen the other, so that principle gets warmed into impulse, and impulse fixed into principle. When such is the case, the state of man is at peace and unity; otherwise, he is a house divided against itself, where principle and impulse strive each for the mastery, and sway by turns; headlong and sensual in his passions, cunning and selfish in his reason.

Now, this fatal divorce of reason and passion is strongly apparent in the condition of life here reflected. The generous impulses of nature are overborne and stifled by a discipline of selfishness. Coldly calculative where they

ought to be impassioned, people are of course blindly passionate where they ought to be deliberate and cool. Even marriage is plainly stripped of its sacredness, made an affair of expediency, not of affection, insomuch that a previous union of hearts is discouraged, lest it should interfere with a prudent union of hands. So that we have a state of society where the hearts of the young are, if possible, kept sealed against all deep and strong impressions, and the development of the nobler impulses foreclosed by the icy considerations of interest and policy.

Amidst this heart-withering refinement, the hero and the heroine stand out the unschooled and unspoiled creatures of native sense and sensibility. Art has tried its utmost upon them, but nature has proved too strong for it: in the silent creativeness of youth their feelings have insensibly matured themselves; and they come before us glowing with the warmth of natural sentiment, with susceptibilities deep as life, and waiting only for the kindling touch of passion. So that they exemplify the simplicity of nature thriving amidst the most artificial manners: nay, they are the more natural for the excess of art around them; as if nature, driven from the hearts of others, had taken refuge in theirs.

Principle, however, is as strong in them as passion; they have the purity as well as the impulsiveness of nature; and because they are free from immodest desires, they therefore put forth no angelic pretensions. Idolizing each other, they would, however, make none but permitted offerings. Not being led by the conventionalities of life, they therefore are not to be misled by them: as their hearts are joined in mutual love, so their hands must be joined in mutual honor; for, while loving each other with a love as boundless as the sea, they at the same time love in each other whatsoever is precious and heavenly in their unsoiled imaginations. Thus their fault lies not in the nature of their passion, but in its excess,—that they love each other in a degree that is due only to their Maker; but this is a natural reaction from that idolatry of interest and of self

ROMEO AND JULIET

Introduction

which pervades the rest of society, turning marriage into merchandise, and sacrificing the holiest instincts of nature to avarice, ambition, and pride.

The lovers, it is true, are not much given to reflection, because this is a thing that cannot come to them legitimately but by experience, which they are yet without. Life lies glittering with golden hopes before them, owing all its enchantment, perhaps, to distance: if their bliss seems perfect, it is only because their bounty is infinite; but such bounty and such bliss "may not with mortal man abide." Bereft of the new life they have found in each other, nothing remains for them but the bitter dregs from which the wine has all evaporated; and they dash to earth the stale and vapid draught, when it has lost all the spirit that caused it to foam and sparkle before them. Nevertheless, it is not their passion, but the enmity of their houses, that is punished in their death; and the awful lesson read in their fate is against that barbarism of civilization, which makes love excessive by trying to exclude it from its rightful place in life, and which subjects men to the just revenges of nature, because it puts them upon thwarting her noblest purposes. Were we deep in the ways of Providence, we might doubtless anticipate from the first, that these two beings, the pride and hope of their respective friends, would, even because themselves most innocent, fall a sacrifice to the guilt of their families; and that in and through their death would be punished and healed those fatal strifes and animosities which have made it at once so natural and so dangerous for them to love.

It has been aptly remarked, that the hero and heroine of this play, though in love, are not love-sick. Romeo, however, is something love-sick before his meeting with Juliet. His seeming love for Rosaline is but a matter of fancy, with which the heart has little or nothing to do. That the Poet so meant it, is plain from what is said about it in the Chorus at the end of Act I. Accordingly, it is airy, affected, and fantastical, causing him to think much of his feelings, to count over his sighs, and play with lan-

guage, as a something rather generated from within than inspired from without: his thoughts are not so much on Rosaline or any thing he has found in her, as on a figment of his own mind, which he has baptized into her name and invested with her form. This is just the sort of love with which people often imagine themselves about to die, but which they always manage to survive, and that, without any further harm than the making them somewhat ridiculous. Romeo's love is a thing infinitely different. A mere idolater, Juliet converts him into a true worshiper; and the fire of his new passion burns up the old idol of his fancy. Love works a sort of regeneration upon him: his dreamy, sentimental fancy giving place to a passion that interests him thoroughly in an external object, all his fine energies are forthwith tuned into harmony and eloquence, so that he becomes a true man, with every thing clear and healthy and earnest about him. As the Friar suggests, it was probably from an instinctive sense of his self-delusion, and that he made love by rote and not by heart, that Rosaline rejected his suit. The dream, though, has the effect of preparing him for the reality, while the contrast between them heightens our appreciation of the latter.

Hazlitt pronounces Romeo to be Hamlet in love; than which he could not well have made a greater mistake. In all that most truly constitutes character, the two, it seems to us, have nothing in common. To go no further, Hamlet is all procrastination, Romeo all precipitancy: the one reflects away the time of action, and loses the opportunity in getting ready for it; the other, pliant to impulse, and seizing the opportunity at once, or making it, acts first, and then reflects on what he has done, not on what he has to do. With Hamlet, it is a necessity of nature to think; with Romeo, to love: the former, studious of consequences, gets entangled with a multitude of conflicting passions and purposes; the latter, absorbed in one passion and one purpose, drives right ahead regardless of consequences. It is this necessity of loving that, until the proper object ap-

ROMEO AND JULIET

Introduction

pears, creates in Romeo an object for itself; hence the love-bewilderment in which he first comes before us. Which explains and justifies the suddenness and vehemence of his passion, while the difference between this and his fancy-sickness amply vindicates him from the reproach of inconstancy.

Being of passion all compact, Romeo of course does not generalize, nor give much heed to abstract truth: intelligent indeed of present objects and occasions, he does not, however, study to shape his feelings or conduct by any rules: he therefore sees no use of philosophy in his case, unless it can make a Juliet; nor does he care to hear others speak of what they do not feel. He has no life but passion, and passion lives altogether in and by its object: therefore it is that he dwells with such wild exaggeration on the sentence of banishment. Thus his love, by reason of its excess, exalting a subordinate into a sovereign good, defeats its own security and peace.

Yet there is a sort of instinctive rectitude in his passion, which makes us rather pity than blame its excess; and we feel that death comes upon him through it, not for it. We can scarce conceive any thing more full of manly sweetness and gentleness than his character. Love is the only thing wherein he seems to lack self-control, and this is the very thing wherein self-control is least a virtue. He will risk his life for a friend, but he will not do a mean thing to save it; has no pride and revenge to which he would sacrifice others, but has high and brave affections to which he will not shrink from sacrificing himself. Thus even in his resentments he is in noble contrast with those about him. His heart is so preoccupied with generous thought as to afford no room for those furious transports which prove so fatal in others: where their swords jump in wild fury from their scabbards, his sleeps quietly by his side; but then, as he is very hard to provoke, so is he very dangerous when provoked.

Mr. Hallam—a man who weighs his words well before pronouncing them—gives as his opinion, that “it is im-

possible to place Juliet among the great female characters of Shakespeare's creation." Other critics of high esteem, especially Mrs. Jameson, take a different view; but this may result, in part, from the representation being so charged, not to say overcharged, with poetic warmth and brilliancy, as to hinder a cool and steady judgment of the character. For the passion in which Juliet lives is most potently infectious; one can scarce venture near enough to see what and whence it is, without falling under its influence; while in her case it is so fraught with purity and tenderness, and self-forgetting ardor and constancy, and has so much, withal, that challenges a respectful pity, that the moral sense does not easily find where to fix its notes of reproof. And if in her intoxication of soul and sense she loses whatsoever of reason her youth and inexperience can have gathered, the effect is breathed forth with an energy and elevation of spirit, and in a transporting affluence of thought and imagery, which none but the sternest readers can well resist, and which, after all, there may not be much virtue in resisting.

We have to confess, however, that Juliet appears something better as a heroine than as a woman, the reverse of which commonly holds in the Poet's delineations. But she is a real heroine, in the best sense of the term; her womanhood being developed through her heroism, not eclipsed or obscured by it. Wherein she differs from the general run of tragic heroines, who act as if they knew not how to be heroic, without unsexing themselves, and becoming something mannish or viraginous: the trouble with them being, that they set out with a special purpose to be heroines, and study to approve themselves such; whereas Juliet is surprised into heroism, and acts the heroine without knowing it, simply because it is in her to do so, and, when the occasion comes, she cannot do otherwise.

It is not till the marriage with Paris is forced upon her, that the proper heroism of her nature displays itself. All her feelings as a woman, a lover, and a wife, are then thro-

ROMEO AND JULIET

Introduction

oughly engaged; and because her heart is all truth, therefore she cannot but choose rather to die "an unstain'd wife to her sweet love," than to live on any other terms. To avert what is to her literally an infinite evil, she appeals imploringly to her father, her mother, and the Nurse, in succession; nor is it till she is cast entirely on her own strength that she finds herself sufficient for herself. There is something truly fearful in the resolution and energy of her discourse with the Friar; yet we feel that she is still the same soft, tender, gentle being whose breath was lately so rich and sweet with words of love. When told the desperate nature of the remedy, she rises to a yet higher pitch, her very terror of the deed inspiring her with fresh energy of purpose. And when she comes to the performance, she cannot indeed arrest the workings of her imagination, neither can those workings shake her resolution; on the contrary, in their reciprocal action each adds vigor and intensity to the other, the terrific images which throng upon her excited fancy developing within her a strength and courage to face them. In all which there is certainly much of the heroine, but then the heroism is the free, spontaneous, unreflecting outcome of her native womanhood.

It is well worth noting, with what truth to nature the different qualities of the female character are in this representation distributed. Juliet has both the weakness and the strength of woman, and she has them in the right, that is, the natural places. For, if she appears as frail as the frailest of her sex in the process of becoming a lover, her frailty ends with that process: weak in yielding to the first touch of passion, all her strength of character comes out in courage and constancy afterwards. Thus it is in the cause of the wife that the greatness proper to her as a woman transpires. Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, speaks of this as a peculiarity of the Italian women; but surely it is nowise peculiar to them, save that they may have it in a larger measure than others. For, if we mistake not, the general rule of women everywhere is, that the

easiest to fall in love are the hardest to get out of it, and at the same time the most religiously tenacious of their honor in it.

It is very considerable that Juliet, though subject to the same necessity of loving as Romeo, is nevertheless quite exempt from the delusions of fancy, and therefore never gets bewildered with a love of her own making. The elements of passion in her do not, it is against her nature that they should, act in such a way as to send her in quest of an object: indeed they are a secret even to herself, she suspects not their existence, till the proper object appears, because it is the inspiration of that object that kindles them into effect.—Her modesty, too, is much like Romeo's honor; that is, it is a living attribute of her character, and not merely a form impressed upon her manners from without. She therefore does not try to conceal or disguise from herself the impulses of her nature, because she justly regards them as sanctified by the religion of her heart. On this point, especially with reference to her famous soliloquy at the beginning of the second scene in Act III, we leave her in the hands of Mrs. Jameson; who, with a rare gift to see what is right, joins an equal felicity in expressing what she sees. "Let it be remembered," says she, "that in this speech Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidante; and I confess I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery yet more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful 'Hymn to the Night,' breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart 'triumphing to itself in words.' In the midst of all the vehemence with which she calls upon the night to bring Romeo to her arms, there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole; and her impatience, to use her own ex-

pression, is truly that of 'a child before a festival, that hath new robes and may not wear them.' "

The Nurse is in some respects another edition of Mrs. Quickly, though in a different binding. The character has a tone of reality that almost startles us on a first acquaintance. She gives the impression of a literal transcript from actual life; which is doubtless owing in part to the predominance of memory in her mind, causing her to think and speak of things just as they occurred; as in her account of Juliet's age, where she cannot go on without bringing in all the accidents and impertinences which stand associated with the subject. And she has a way of repeating the same thing in the same words, so that it strikes us as a fact cleaving to her thoughts, and exercising a sort of fascination over them: it seems scarce possible that any but a real person should be so enslaved to actual events.

This general passiveness to what is going on about her naturally makes her whole character "smell of the shop." And she has a certain vulgarized air of rank and refinement, as if, priding herself on the confidence of her superiors, she has caught and assimilated their manners to her own vulgar nature. In this mixture of refinement and vulgarity, both elements are made the worse for being together; for, like all those who ape their betters, she exaggerates whatever she copies; or, borrowing the proprieties of those above her, she turns them into their opposite, because she has no sense of propriety. Without a particle of truth, or honor, or delicacy; one to whom life has no sacredness, virtue no beauty, love no holiness; a woman, in short, without womanhood; she abounds, however, in serviceable qualities; has just that low servile prudence which at once fits her to be an instrument, and makes her proud to be used as such. Yet she acts not so much from a positive disregard of right as from a lethargy of conscience; or as if her soul had run itself into a sort of moral dry-rot through a leak at the mouth.

Accordingly, in her basest acts she never dreams but that she is a pattern of virtue. And because she is thus unconscious and, as it were, innocent of her own vices, therefore Juliet thinks her free from them, and suspects not but that beneath her petulant, vulgar loquacity she has a vein of womanly honor and sensibility. For she has, in her way, a real affection for Juliet; whatsoever would give pleasure to herself, that she will do any thing to compass for her young mistress; and, until love and marriage become the question, there has never been any thing to disclose the essential oppugnancy of their natures. When, however, in her noble agony, Juliet appeals to the Nurse for counsel, and is met with the advice to marry Paris, she sees at once what her soul is made of; that her former praises of Romeo were but the offspring of a sensual pruriency easing itself with talk; that in her long life she has gained only that sort of experience which works the debasement of its possessor; and that she knows less than nothing of love and marriage, because she has worn their prerogatives without any feeling of their sacredness.

Mercutio is one of the instances which strikingly show the excess of Shakespeare's powers above his performances. Though giving us more than any other man, he still seems to have given but a small part of himself; for we see not but he could have gone on indefinitely reveling in the same "exquisite ebullience and overflow" of life and wit which he has started in Mercutio. As seeking rather to instruct us with character than to entertain us with talk, he lets off just enough of the latter to disclose the former, and then stops, leaving the impression of an inexhaustible abundance withheld to give scope for something better. From the nature of the subject, he had to leave unsatisfied the desire which in Mercutio is excited. Delightful as Mercutio is, the Poet valued and makes us value his room more than his company. It has been said that he was obliged to kill Mercutio, lest Mercutio should kill him. And certainly it is not easy to see how he could have kept Mercutio and Tybalt in the play without spoiling it, nor how he could

have kept them out of it without killing them: for, so long as they live, they seem bound to have a chief hand in whatsoever is going on about them; and they cannot well have a hand in anything without turning it, the one into a comedy, the other into a butchery. The Poet, however, so manages them and their fate as to aid rather than interrupt the proper interest of the piece; the impression of their death, strong as it is, being overcome by the sympathy awakened in us with the living.

Mercutio is a perfect embodiment of animal spirits acting in and through the brain. So long as the life is in him his blood must dance, and so long as the blood dances the brain and tongue must play. His veins seem filled with sparkling champagne. Always reveling in the conscious fullness of his resources, he pours out and pours out, heedless whether he speaks sense or nonsense; nay, his very stumblings seem designed as triumphs of agility; he studies, apparently, for failures, as giving occasion for further trials, and thus serving at once to provoke his skill and to set it off. Full of the most companionable qualities, he often talks loosely indeed, but not profanely; and even in his loosest talk there is a subtilty and refinement, both of nature and of breeding, that mark him for the prince of good fellows. Nothing could more finely evince the essential frolicsomeness of his composition, than that, with his ruling passion strong in death, he should play the wag in the face of his grim enemy, as if to live and to jest were the same thing with him.

Of Mercutio's wit it were vain to attempt an analysis. From a fancy as quick and ærial as the Aurora Borealis, the most unique and graceful combinations come forth with almost inconceivable facility and felicity. If wit consists in a peculiar briskness, airiness, and apprehensiveness of spirit, catching, as by instinct, the most remote and delicate affinities, and putting things together most unexpectedly and at the same time most appropriately, it can hardly be denied that Mercutio is the prince of wits, as well as of good fellows.

We have always felt a special comfort in the part of Friar Laurence. How finely his tranquility contrasts with the surrounding agitation! And how natural it seems that he should draw lessons of tranquility from that very agitation! Calm, thoughtful, benevolent, withdrawing from the world, that he may benefit society the more for being out of it, his presence and counsel in the play are as oil poured, yet poured in vain, on troubled waters. Sympathizing quietly yet deeply with the very feelings in others which in the stillness of thought he has subdued in himself, the storms that waste society only kindle in him the sentiments that raise him above them; while his voice, issuing from the heart of humanity, speaks peace, but cannot give it, to the passions that are raging around him.

Schlegel has remarked with his usual discernment on the skill with which the Poet manages to alleviate the miracle of the sleeping-potion; and how, by throwing an air of mysterious wisdom round the Friar, he renders us the more apt to believe strange things concerning him; representing him as so conjunctive and private with nature, that incredulity touching what he does is in a great measure forestalled by impressions of reverence for his character. "How," says he, "does the Poet dispose us to believe that Father Laurence possesses such a secret? He exhibits him at first in a garden, collecting herbs, and descanting on their wonderful virtues. The discourse of the pious old man is full of deep meaning: he sees everywhere in nature emblems of the moral world; the same wisdom with which he looks through her has also made him master of the human heart. In this way, what would else have an ungrateful appearance, becomes the source of a great beauty."

Much fault has been found with the winding-up of this play, that it does not stop with the death of Juliet. Looking merely to the uses of the stage, it might indeed be better so; but Shakespeare wrote for humanity as well as, yea, rather than, for the stage. And as the evil fate of the lovers springs from the bitter feud of their houses and from a general stifling of nature under a hard crust of

ROMEO AND JULIET

Introduction

artificial manners, he wisely represents it as reacting upon and removing the cause. We are thus given to see and feel that they have not suffered in vain; and the heart has something to mitigate and humanize its over-pressure of grief. The absorbing, devouring selfishness of society generates the fiercest rancor between its leading families, and that rancor issues in the death of the very members through whom they had thought most to advance their rival pretensions; earth's best and noblest creatures are snatched away, because, by reason of their virtue, they can best afford to die, and because, for the same reason, their death will be most bitterly deplored. The good old Friar indeed thought that by the marriage of the lovers the rancor of their houses would be healed. But a Wiser than he knew that the deepest touch of sorrow was required to awe and melt their proud, selfish hearts; that nothing short of the most afflicting bereavement, together with the feeling that themselves had both caused it and deserved it, could teach them rightly to "prize the breath they share with human kind," and remand them to the impassioned attachments of nature. Accordingly, the hatred that seemed immortal is buried in the tomb of the faithful lovers; families are reconciled, society renovated, by the storm that has passed upon them; the tyranny of selfish custom is rebuked and broken up by the insurrection of nature which itself has provoked; tears flow, hearts are softened, hands joined, truth, tenderness, and piety inspired, by the noble example of devotion and self-sacrifice which stands before them. Such is the sad but wholesome lesson to be gathered from the heart-rending story of "Juliet and her Romeo."

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

ROMEO

The love of Romeo again, with all its vehement intensity and seeming extravagance, is preserved to our respect, by the proof that it tends rather to regulate than extinguish the more peculiarly manly sentiment. When elate from marriage he lights upon his friends skirmishing with his new kinsfolk in anger, sudden and violent as his own love, he opposes calmness and expostulation to insult, though not without self-reproach when his friend is hurt beside him, and, indeed, through his interference; and when he hears that he is dead and Tybalt returns in triumph, reason how we may, it is with advantage to our feeling for his character, that he thrusts his love aside and vindicates in mortal attack his own honor and his friend.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

It is easy to dwell upon his [Romeo's] despair at banishment, his fatal errors of judgment, as when he fails to suspect life in Juliet's still warm and rosy form. But to suppose that he is unmanned by his love of Juliet contradicts the whole tenor of Shakespeare's implicit teaching. Passion for a Cressida or a Cleopatra saps the nerve of Troilus and Antony; but nowhere does Shakespeare represent a man as made less manly by absolute soul-service of a true woman: rather, this was a condition of that "marriage of true minds" to which, in his loftiest sonnet, he refused to "admit impediments."—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare*.

ROMEO'S FIRST LOVE

From the ranks of the Montague swordsmen there has been one remarkable absentee. The aged head of the house has flourished his blade in defense of the family honor, but Romeo, the son and heir, is nowhere to be seen. His mother's anxious inquiry elicits the news that he has been espied before dawn, stealing alone towards a grove of sycamore, and we further learn that such is his wont, and that at the first streak of light he creeps home to his chamber, where he pens himself in artificial night. We are thus warned, before Romeo appears in person, that he is apart from his kinsmen in nature and sympathies. There is a sentimental strain in his character, and at the outset he and Proteus, though they develop so differently, have a certain likeness. His entrance gives the key to his strange humor. He is in love with the lady Rosaline, but his suit is in vain. Hence his passion for solitude, his sighs, and his tears. But neither the love nor the misery, we are persuaded, can be very deep that finds its vent in unmeaning fantastic antithesis, the *reductio ad absurdum* of "the numbers that Petrarch flowed in." A heart that is really breaking does not explode in verbal fireworks about "anything of nothing first created." This calf-love of Romeo is adopted by Shakspeare from Brooke, and it is probably a mistake to invest it with too great significance. That there enters into Romeo's character a vein of weakness, of volatile emotion, cannot be denied, but it is important to notice that whenever Shakspeare gives it prominence he is following closely in the wake of Brooke, and that in the scenes due to his own invention the more sterling and genuinely impassioned side of his hero's nature is developed. The retention of the Rosaline episode is very possibly due to the fact that it prepares the way for one of those instances of the irony of fortune which stud the drama. Benvolio bids Romeo attend the feast of the Capulets that he may forget his mistress in the light of other eyes, and Romeo, though he assents, does so with pro-

testations of unswerving fidelity to Rosaline. But even while he is on the way to the palace of the rival house, he is haunted by presentiments that his fate is not in his own hands:

“My mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night’s revels.”

And so it proves: Romeo has but to change eyes with Juliet, and his love in idleness for Rosaline is annihilated, only to give place to a far more absorbing passion. Ben-volio’s well-meant panacea becomes the root of a direr malady than it was devised to cure.—Boas, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

JULIET

It may be remarked of Juliet as of Portia, that we not only trace the component qualities in each as they expand before us in the course of the action, but we seem to have known them previously, and mingle a consciousness of their past, with the interest of their present and their future. Thus, in the dialogue between Juliet and her parents, and in the scenes with the Nurse, we seem to have before us the whole of her previous education and habits: we see her on the one hand kept in severe subjection by her austere parents; and on the other, fondled and spoiled by a foolish old nurse—a situation perfectly accordant with the manners of the time. Then Lady Capulet comes sweeping by with her train of velvet, her black hood, her fan, and her rosary—the very *beau-idéal* of a proud Italian matron of the fifteenth century, whose offer to poison Romeo in revenge for the death of Tybalt, stamps her with one very characteristic trait of the age and country. Yet she loves her daughter; and there is a touch of remorseful tenderness in her lamentation over her, which adds to our impression of the timid softness of Juliet, and the harsh subjection in which she has been kept:—

But one, poor one!—one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Capulet, as the jovial, testy old man, the self-willed, violent, tyrannical father,—to whom his daughter is but a property, the appanage of his house, and the object of his pride,—is equal as a portrait: but both must yield to the Nurse, who is drawn with the most wonderful power and discrimination. In the prosaic homeliness of the outline, and the magical illusion of the coloring, she reminds us of some of the marvelous Dutch paintings, from which, with all their coarseness, we start back as from a reality. Her low humor, her shallow garrulity, mixed with the dotage and petulance of age—her subserviency, her secrecy, and her total want of elevated principle, or even common honesty,—are brought before us like a living and palpable truth.

Among these harsh and inferior spirits is Juliet placed; her haughty parents, and her plebeian nurse, not only throw into beautiful relief her own native softness and elegance, but are at once the cause and the excuse of her subsequent conduct. She trembles before her stern mother and her violent father; but, like a petted child, alternately cajoles and commands her nurse. It is her old foster-mother who is the confidante of her love. It is the woman who cherished her infancy, who aids and abets her in her clandestine marriage. Do we not perceive how immediately our impression of Juliet's character would have been lowered if Shakespeare had placed her in connection with any commonplace dramatic waiting-woman?—even with Portia's adroit Nerissa, or Desdemona's Emilia? By giving her the Nurse for her confidante, the sweetness and dignity of Juliet's character are preserved inviolate to the fancy, even in the midst of all the romance and wilfulness of passion.

The natural result of these extremes of subjection and independence, is exhibited in the character of Juliet, as it gradually opens upon us. We behold it in the mixture of

self-will and timidity, of strength and weakness, of confidence and reserve, which are developed as the action of the play proceeds. We see it in the fond eagerness of the indulged girl, for whose impatience the “nimblest of the lightning-winged loves” had been too slow a messenger; in her petulance with her nurse; in those bursts of vehement feeling, which prepare us for the climax of passion at the catastrophe; in her invectives against Romeo, when she hears of the death of Tybalt; in her indignation when the Nurse echoes those reproaches, and the rising of her temper against unwonted contradiction:

NURSE. Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame.

Then comes that revulsion of strong feeling, that burst of magnificent exultation in the virtue and honor of her lover:

Upon his brow Shame is asham'd to sit,
For 'tis a throne where Honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth!

And this, by one of those quick transitions of feeling which belong to the character, is immediately succeeded by a gush of tenderness and self-reproach—

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?

With the same admirable truth of nature, Juliet is represented as at first bewildered by the fearful destiny that closes round her; reverse is new and terrible to one nursed in the lap of luxury, and whose energies are yet untried.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!

While a stay remains to her amid the evils that encompass her, she clings to it. She appeals to her father—to her mother—

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak one word!

• • • • •
Ah, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month,—a week!

And, rejected by both, she throws herself upon her nurse in all the helplessness of anguish, of confiding affection, of habitual dependence—

O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
Some comfort, nurse!

The old woman, true to her vocation, and fearful lest her share in these events should be discovered, counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris; and the moment which unveils to Juliet the weakness and the baseness of her confidante, is the moment which reveals her to herself. She does not break into upbraidings; it is no moment for anger; it is incredulous amazement, succeeded by the extremity of scorn and abhorrence, which take possession of her mind. She assumes at once and asserts all her own superiority, and rises to majesty in the strength of her despair.

JULIET. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. Aye, and from my soul too;—or else
Beshrew them both!

JULIET. AMEN!

This final severing of all the old familiar ties of her childhood—

Go, counselor!
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain!

and the calm, concentrated force of her resolve,

If all else fail,—myself have power to die:

have a sublime pathos. It appears to me also an admirable touch of nature, considering the master passion which, at this moment, rules in Juliet's soul, that she is as much shocked by the Nurse's dispraise of her lover, as by her wicked, time-serving advice.

This scene is the crisis in the character; and henceforth we see Juliet assume a new aspect. The fond, impatient, timid girl puts on the wife and the woman: she has learned heroism from suffering, and subtlety from oppression. It is idle to criticise her dissembling submission to her father and mother; a higher duty has taken the place of that which she owed to them; a more sacred tie has severed all others. Her parents are pictured as they are, that no feeling for them may interfere in the slightest degree with our sympathy for the lovers. In the mind of Juliet there is no struggle between her filial and her conjugal duties, and there ought to be none. The Friar, her spiritual director, dismisses her with these instructions:—

Go home,—be merry,—give consent
To marry Paris;

and she obeys him. Death and suffering in every horrid form she is ready to brave, without fear or doubt, “to live an unstained wife”; and the artifice to which she has recourse, which she is even instructed to use, in no respect impairs the beauty of the character; we regard it with pain and pity, but excuse it, as the natural and inevitable consequence of the situation in which she is placed. Nor should we forget, that the dissimulation, as well as the courage of Juliet, though they spring from passion, are justified by principle:—

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven:
How shall my faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven?

In her successive appeals to her father, her mother, her nurse, and the Friar, she seeks those remedies which would first suggest themselves to a gentle and virtuous nature, and grasps her dagger only as the last resource against dishonor and violated faith;

God join'd my heart with Romeo's—thou our hands.
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,

ROMEO AND JULIET

Comments

Or my true heart, with treacherous revolt
Turn to another,—this shall slay them both!

thus, in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion and terror, preserving, to a certain degree, that moral and feminine dignity which harmonizes with our best feelings, and commands our unreprieved sympathy.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

JULIET'S LOVE

There is nothing but the mask of night upon Juliet's face to hide the blush which her lips acknowledge. "Farewell compliment. Dost thou love me?" The bud of love becomes a beauteous flower in its first spring day, for it is too impatient to levy on the lagging warmth of summer; and the sudden heat sends every drop of Juliet's blood rushing into the frankest words that maiden ever spoke. She has not even mental device enough to hush what the most passionate women, of a type less frigid than our own, are quite content to feel if there's love enough to justify. So the verses which come fluent from Juliet's lips do not scald like the insinuations of some modern novels which plot random passions and ingeniously dally with them. Shakspeare has no pages of this elaborate suggestion. His mental style was like the archer's bolt that quivers in the middle of the boss: he never could have learned this modern practice of the boomerang, which dips, skims, makes ricochets, lingers, doubles corners, and plays back into the sender's hand.—WEISS, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare*.

JULIET'S HOME SURROUNDINGS

The old Capulet, her father (a masterly design of the poet's), is, like all passionate natures, a man of unequal temper, and fully calculated to explain the alternate outbursts and pauses in the discord between the houses. At one time, in his zeal, he forgets his crutch, that he may

wield the old sword in his aged hands ; and again, in merrier mood, he takes part against his quarrelsome nephew with the enemy of his house, who trustfully attends his ball. On one occasion he thinks his daughter too young to marry, and two days afterwards she appears to him "ripe to be a bride." Like a good father he leaves the fate of his daughter entirely to her own free choice in the case of the suitor Paris, and then, in the outburst of his passion, he compels her to a hated marriage, and threatens her in a brutal manner with blows and expulsion. From sorrow at Tybalt's death he relapses into rage, and from rage, after the apparent yielding of his daughter, he passes into the extreme of mirth. Outward refinement of manner was not to be learned from the man who speaks to the ladies of his ball like a sailor, any more than inward morality was to be expected from the man who had once been a "mouse-hunter" and had to complain of the jealousy of his wife. The lady Capulet is at once a heartless and unimportant woman, who asks advice of her nurse, who in her daughter's extremest suffering coldly leaves her, and entertains the thought of poisoning Romeo, the murderer of Tybalt. The nurse Angelica, whose whole character is designed in Brooke's narrative, is therefore the real mistress of the house ; she manages the mother, she assists the daughter, and fears not to cross the old man in his most violent anger. She is a talker with little modesty, a woman whose society was not likely to make a Diana of Juliet, an instructress without propriety, a confidant with no enduring fidelity, and Juliet at length suddenly rejects her.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare-Commentaries*.

THE LOVE OF ROMEO AND JULIET

The love of Romeo and Juliet is romantic and ideal, rather than positive and passionate: the pathos of their fate is no more than that of the thwarted desires of a boy and girl. . . . The hearts of the lovers beat beneath a veil of euphuistic preciosity, but the ardor and freshness

of their love is immortal.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare*.

There are some lines in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in which the poet compares "the course of true love" to that of lightning in midnight.

"And ere a man hath power to say, Behold
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion."

It is thus that love is conceived in *Romeo and Juliet*—it is sudden, it is intensely bright for a moment, and then it is swallowed up in darkness. The action is accelerated by Shakspeare to the utmost, the four or five months of Brooke's poem being reduced to as many days. On Sunday the lovers meet, next day they are made one in marriage, on Tuesday morning at dawn they part, and they are finally reunited in the tomb on the night of Thursday.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare in the Literature Primers*.

THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF JULIET

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

This is a curious passage. It is a lamentation over the supposed dead Juliet by her father, mother, Nurse, and the man they intended to have married her to. The Quartos give us two distinct versions, but in both the effect is purposely comic. This may seem strange, but if we compare Romeo's lament under similar circumstances in the tomb of the Capulets, we may perhaps divine the intention of the writer; there is a genuine pathos in the sorrow of the genuine lover, which finds its purely tragic climax in his death: but Shakspeare may well have felt that the language which such a sorrow inspired would be misplaced in the mouths of a matchmaking couple, who had been doing their best to force the unwilling daughter into a marriage so plainly repugnant to her. If this was his main intention he may not have been unwilling to satirize, as critics have suggested, the ravings of some of the tragedy heroes of the day.—EVANS, *Romeo and Juliet* in the *Shakespeare Quarto Fac-Simile*.

MERCUTIO

Mercutio is a man possessing all the elements of a poet: the whole world was, as it were, subject to his law of association. Whenever he wishes to impress any thing, all things become his servants for the purpose: all things tell the same tale, and sound in unison. This faculty, moreover, is combined with the manners and feelings of a perfect gentleman, himself utterly unconscious of his powers. By his loss it was contrived that the whole catastrophe of the tragedy should be brought about: it endears him to Romeo, and gives to the death of Mercutio an importance which it could not otherwise have acquired.—COLERIDGE, *Lectures*.

ROMEO'S FRIENDS

Benvolio is his close friend; of a steady, still character, equally ready to win his friend out of his useless life by gentle reproof, and to quiet down the riots in the street; the type of the temperate man who lives long, and who is of use at all periods of history. The sketch Mercutio makes of him as one who is ready to quarrel for anything is plainly a mocking of his quiet and reconciling temper. He has no genius, little fancy, and is cut out for a statesman. Nor is he specially Italian. I am sure Shakespeare met this type among the young men of the court of Elizabeth, men who would grow into statesmen like Cecil.

Opposed to him in character, but his friend, is Mercutio; wit's scintillating star, thrilling with life to his fingertips, not caring for women save as the toys of an hour, ready to tackle, on the instant, any woman, young or old; brave, audacious, going swiftly to his point, keeping no thought within him but flinging it at once into speech; "he will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month"; quick in choler, ready to attempt the moon and pull the sun down, loose of speech, mocking old and young out of the racing of his blood—the gay ruffler of Italy, such as Shakespeare often met in London, such as many of the Italian novels enclose and paint.

But he is more than that. He has wit. Whatever he touches he finds ten remote analogies for it; his wayward thinking plays with every unimportant matter, as a cat with a mouse, till the matter seem important. Nor is his wit unmanly, like that of the dainty courtiers of the day who conned their quips and cranks out of books, and whose most absurd type is Osric in *Hamlet*. It is, on the contrary, all his own, the fresh coinage of his brain. It is kindly too; while he mocks at Romeo's love he does not despise him. Those he despises are the fools and the blusters, like Tybalt—

The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents! . . . these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench.

Mercutio scorns these water-flies. He had added the sturdy sense of the Englishman to the rippling gaiety of the Italian. More than wit belongs to him. There is a touch of genius in his soul, and a single grain of that rarity makes its possessor loveable. Even in the midst of Romeo's new passion he loves Mercutio. Benvolio weeps for him—

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds.

Romeo avenges him, swept away by grief to forget for an instant his love of Juliet.—BROOKE, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare*.

TYBALT

Tybalt is not, though his ill-temper makes him seem so, a swashbuckler, or a bully. He is the quick-offended duelist of the day, one of those whom the French court called the *raffinés*; hot to challenge a smile, a motion of the hand, but a gentleman quite fit to rank with Benvolio and Mercutio. Like the rest, he is as ready to die as to live. Unlike Benvolio, who is good-temper personified; unlike Romeo, who is quiet by nature; unlike Mercutio, who is good-humored, but touchy on the point of honor; Tybalt is of a natural bad temper, quarrelsome, liable to fits of fury. When Capulet, who is as hot as he, bids him lay by his rage at Romeo's appearance in his house, and forces peace upon him, his body trembles;

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

"A king of cats," Mercutio calls him. He slays Mercutio. Romeo, lashed into wrath, slays him. He is the second victim of the event; the second step by which Justice marches through blood to her fixed purpose. His death.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Comments

more than Mercutio's, hurries up the catastrophe. Owing to it, Romeo is banished, and Juliet left alone. Owing to it, Capulet forces the County Paris on Juliet. Owing to that, Juliet takes the drug and is thought by Romeo to have died, and Romeo resolves on death.—BROOKE, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare*.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Between the lovers and the haters Shakespeare has placed Friar Laurence, one of his most delightful embodiments of reason. Such figures are rare in his plays, as they are in life, but ought not to be overlooked, as they have been, for example, by Taine in his somewhat one-sided estimate of Shakespeare's greatness. Shakespeare knows and understands passionlessness; but he always places it on the second plane. It comes in very naturally here, in the person of one who is obliged by his age and his calling to act as an onlooker in the drama of life. Friar Laurence is full of goodness and natural piety, a monk such as Spinoza or Goethe would have loved, an undogmatic sage, with the astuteness and benevolent Jesuitism of an old confessor—brought up on the milk and bread of philosophy, not on the fiery liquors of religious fanaticism.

It is very characteristic of the freedom of spirit which Shakespeare early acquired, in the sphere in which freedom was then hardest of attainment, that this monk is drawn with so delicate a touch, without the smallest ill-will towards conquered Catholicism, yet without the smallest leaning towards Catholic doctrine—the emancipated creation of an emancipated poet.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare*.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE

We have heard it objected to *Romeo and Juliet*, that it is founded on an idle passion between a boy and a girl, who have scarcely seen and can have but little sympathy or rational esteem for one another, who have had no experi-

ence of the good or ills of life, and whose raptures or despair must be therefore equally groundless and fantastical. Whoever objects to the youth of the parties in this play as "too unripe and crude" to pluck the sweets of love, and wishes to see a first-love carried on into a good old age, and the passions taken at the rebound, when their force is spent, may find all this done in the *Stranger* and in other German plays, where they do things by contraries, and transpose nature to inspire sentiment and create philosophy. Shakespear proceeded in a more straight-forward, and, we think, effectual way. He did not endeavor to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference. He did not "gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles." It was not his way. But he has given a picture of human life, such as it is in the order of nature. He has founded the passion of the two lovers not on the pleasures they had experienced, but on all the pleasures they had *not* experienced. All that was to come of life was theirs. At that untried source of promised happiness they slaked their thirst, and the first eager draught made them drunk with love and joy. They were in full possession of their senses and their affections. Their hopes were of air, their desires of fire. Youth is the season of love, because the heart is then first melted in tenderness from the touch of novelty, and kindled to rapture, for it knows no end of its enjoyments or its wishes. Desire has no limit but itself. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure, is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible, till experience comes to check and kill it. Juliet exclaims on her first interview with Romeo—

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep."

And why should it not? What was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure, which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience which she was yet without? What was to abate the trans-

port of the first sweet sense of pleasure, which her heart and her senses had just tasted, but indifference which she was yet a stranger to? What was there to check the ardor of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment which she had not yet felt! As are the desires and the hopes of youthful passion, such is the keenness of its disappointments, and their baleful effect. Such is the transition in this play from the highest bliss to the lowest despair, from the nuptial couch to an untimely grave. The only evil that even in apprehension befalls the two lovers is the loss of the greatest possible felicity; yet this loss is fatal to both, for they had rather part with life than bear the thought of surviving all that had made life dear to them. In all this, Shakespear has but followed nature, which existed in his time, as well as now. The modern philosophy, which reduces the whole theory of the mind to habitual impressions, and leaves the natural impulses of passion and imagination out of the account, had not then been discovered; or if it had, would have been little calculated for the uses of poetry.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*.

THE KEY TO THE ACTION

From out of the very midst of the deadly enmity of the parents, there arises the consuming love of the children, extremes meet, not accidentally, but by reason of their inmost nature. The transgression of the moral law, which lies in the irreconcilable hatred of the parents, takes its revenge upon the children, and through them again upon the parents themselves. For the destructive element in hate exists also in love—in spite of the contradiction—for both are one in passion. Regarded in this light, even the foundation upon which the whole play is based, manifests an internal necessity which determines its structure, and which has its seat in human nature itself.

This tragic contrariety is the key to the tragic action in all its essential features. The tragic conflict of the

rights and duties is given: on the one side we have Romeo's and Juliet's love in the full justice of its ideal beauty, their marriage as a necessary demand of this love, not as a merely subjective, but as an objective moral necessity—for marriage ought to be desired where there is genuine and sincere love;—on the other side we have the equally justified right of the parents, the sacred sphere of the family bond, which cannot be broken with impunity. Accordingly, right and wrong are so interwoven with one another, that the right of the lovers is, at the same time, a wrong, their secret marriage both a moral and an immoral proceeding. The task of the tragic action is to solve this contradiction. The first five or six scenes therefore, in the first place, exhibit the problem clearly and distinctly, they elucidate and build up the foundation, and also intimate the positions of the dramatic characters toward one another. In Shakspeare's usual manner, definite groups detach and arrange themselves according to the degree of their importance. In the center stand Romeo and Juliet with their love, behind, assisting and influencing them, stand Friar Laurence and the Nurse; on one side the Montagues and their adherents, Mercutio and Benvolio; on the other, the ruder passionateness of the Capulets, with Tybalt and Count Paris; but above them all, and yet in the background, stands the Prince, the representative of the general power of right and morality, who has to protect the ethical whole—the state—against the disturbing attacks of its various members. These groups—every one of which bears within itself a principal motive in the development of the action—then advance towards one another, each coming forward alternately, and thus carry the action forward to its catastrophe entirely of their own accord (each being engaged in the pursuit of its special interests).—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE LAST SCENE

Shakspere did not intend that the feeling evoked by the last scene of this tragedy of Romeo and Juliet should be one of hopeless sorrow or despair in presence of failure, ruin, and miserable collapse. Juliet and Romeo, to whom Verona has been a harsh step-mother, have accomplished their lives. They loved perfectly. Romeo had attained to manhood. Juliet had suddenly blossomed into heroic womanhood. Through her, and through anguish and joy, her lover had emerged from the life of dream into the waking life of truth. Juliet had saved his soul; she had rescued him from abandonment to spurious feeling, from abandonment to morbid self-consciousness, and the enervating luxury of emotion for emotion's sake. What more was needed? And as secondary to all this, the enmity of the houses is appeased? Montague will raise in pure gold the statue of true and faithful Juliet; Capulet will place Romeo by her side. Their lives are accomplished; they go to take up their place in the large history of the world, which contains many such things. Shakspere in this last scene carries forward our imagination from the horror of the tomb to the better life of man, when such love as that of Juliet and Romeo will be publicly honored, and remembered by a memorial all gold.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art*.

THE TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, *prince of Verona*

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince*

MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses at variance with each other*
CAPULET, }

An old man, of the Capulet family

ROMEO, *son to Montague*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo*

SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet*
GREGORY, }

PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse*

ABRAHAM, *servant to Montague*

An Apothecary

Three Musicians

Page to Paris; another Page: an Officer

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague*

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet*

Nurse to Juliet

Citizens of Verona; kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards,
Watchmen, and Attendants

Chorus

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

The two wealthy and influential families of Montague and Capulet in Verona have a quarrel of long standing, and so bitter is the feeling between them that even their remotest relatives and the servants are ready to draw their swords whenever they meet. Lord Capulet makes a great feast to which all of his friends are invited. Romeo, the heir of the Montagues, admires the Lady Rosaline and to see her he masks and goes to the supper. There he sees Juliet, the heiress of the Capulets, and straightway forgets Rosaline. They exchange vows and later discover each other's identity. In the meantime, Tybalt, a nephew of Lady Capulet, recognizes Romeo and, but for Lord Capulet's interference, would have fought him then and there.

ACT II

After the festivities are over, Romeo slips away from his friends and climbing over the Capulet's orchard wall, places himself under Juliet's window. A moment later Juliet herself appears at the window above and talks aloud of her love. Romeo, too happy to remain quiet, reveals his presence by speaking to her. They decide to be married soon and secretly. The very next day Friar Laurence unites them in his cell.

ACT III

About noon of the wedding-day Tybalt and a party of Capulets meet some of Romeo's friends. They exchange words, when, Romeo passing that way Tybalt turns to

him and calls him villain. Romeo, not being in the mood to quarrel with one of his bride's family, answers with soft words. Mercutio, one of Romeo's friends, angry at the latter's weakness, draws his sword and fights with Tybalt. The Capulet slays his opponent. Romeo in vengeance kills Tybalt and for this deed is banished from Verona by order of the Prince. Lord Capulet resolves to marry his daughter to Paris, a young nobleman and a kinsman.

ACT IV

In her distress, Juliet applies to Friar Laurence for advice. He counsels her to "go home, be merry, give consent to marry Paris," and on the night before the day set for the wedding to drink a liquor he gives her, the effect of which will be to throw her into a death-like sleep for forty-two hours; in accordance with the custom of the country she will be borne on an open bier to the family vault. He, himself, will notify Romeo, and when she wakes her husband will be waiting to take her away. At the appointed time Juliet drinks the drug and is laid away in the tomb.

ACT V

The friar's message telling Romeo that Juliet's death was but a sham never reached him and he hears from another source that she is dead. He buys a quick-acting poison and goes to Verona that he may die beside his wife. Before the tomb he meets Count Paris and they fight, Romeo slaying Paris. Then he enters the vault, drinks the poison, and dies. Juliet awakes in a few moments and learns the truth from Friar Laurence, who, having heard that his letter to Romeo had not been delivered, had come to release her. She refuses to leave the tomb with him and slays herself with Romeo's dagger. The Friar tells the story of Romeo and Juliet's love to their families and they bury their feud in the grave of their children.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

"Prologue," omitted in Ff.—I. G.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Aye, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

10

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to

1. To "carry coals" is to put up with insults. Anciently, in great families, the scullions, turnspits, and carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials. Such attendants upon the royal household, in progresses, were called the *black-guard*; and hence the origin of that term. Thus in *May Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1608: "You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must *carry no coals*." And in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*: "Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo will hold my dog."—H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. i

stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: 20 therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Aye, the heads of the maids, or their 30 maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will 40 back thee.

27. "cruel"; so Qq. 4, 5; Qq. 2, 3, Ff. read "civil," and "civil."—
I. G.

39. "Montagues"; it should be observed that the partisans of the

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they 50
bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say aye?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies the Capulets. Hence throughout this play they are known at a distance. Gascoigne adverts to this in a Masque written for Viscount Montacute, in 1575:

“And for a further prooffe, he shewed in hys hat
Thys token, which the *Montacutes* did beare always, for that
They covet to be knowne from *Capels*.”—H. N. H.

49. “*Bite my thumb at them*”; this was a common mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel. Dekker, in his *Dead Term*, 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's, says, “What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs*, to beget quarrels!” And Lodge, in his *Wits Miserie*, 1596: “Behold, next I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the *fico with his thumbe in his mouthe*.” The mode in which this contemptuous action was performed is thus described by Cotgrave: “Faire la nique: to mocke by nodding or lifting up of the chinne; or, more properly, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke.”—H. N. H.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir? 60

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve
as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better': here comes
one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remem- 70
ber thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*
Put up your swords; you know not what
you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless
hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the
word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: 80

Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

66. "*one of my master's kinsmen,*" i. e. Tybalt. Gregory may be supposed to be looking in the direction from which Tybalt comes, with his back to Benvolio. Mr. Daniel's stage direction, "Enter at opposite sides, Benvolio and Tibalt," relieves the otherwise awkward ambiguity.—C. H. H.

*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray;
then enter Citizens and Peace officers,
with clubs.*

First Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike!
beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the
Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long
sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a
sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let
me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a
foe.

82. The old custom of crying out, Clubs, clubs! in case of any tumult occurring in the streets of London, has been made familiar to most readers by Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Bills and partisans were weapons used by watchmen and foresters. This transferring of London customs to an Italian city is thus justified by Knight: "The use by Shakespeare of home phrases, in the mouths of foreign characters, was a part of his art. It is the same thing as rendering Sancho's Spanish proverbs into the corresponding English proverbs, instead of literally translating them. The cry of clubs by the citizens of Verona expressed an idea of popular movement, which could not have been conveyed half so emphatically in a foreign phrase."—H. N. H.

84. The long sword was used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament.—H. N. H.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, 90
 Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,—
 Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you
 beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the
 ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens 101
 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case, 110
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-
 place.

110. "*farther*"; so Qq. 2, 4; Q. 5, "*further*"; Q. 3. Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Fathers*"; F. 4, "*Father's*."—I. G.

111. In Brooke's poem "*Free-town*" is the name of a castle belonging to Capulet.—Upon the foregoing part of this scene Coleridge has the following: "With his accustomed judgment, Shakespeare has begun by placing before us a lively picture of all the impulses of the play; and, as nature ever presents two sides, one for Her-

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds, 120
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and
blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and
part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

acilitus, and one for Democritus, he has, by way of prelude, shown the laughable absurdity of the evil by the contagion of it reaching the servants, who have so little to do with it, but who are under the necessity of letting the superfluity of sensoreal power fly off through the escape-valve of wit-combats, and of quarrelling with weapons of sharper edge, all in humble imitation of their masters. Yet there is a sort of unhired fidelity, an *ourishness* about all this, that makes it rest pleasant on one's feelings. All the first scene, down to the conclusion of the Prince's speech, is a motley dance of all ranks and ages to one tune, as if the horn of Huon had been playing behind the scenes."—H. N. H.

129. "*drave me to walk abroad*"; Pope (from Q. 1), "*drew me from company*"; Theobald, "*drew me to walk abroad*."—I. G.

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore 130
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,
 So early walking did I see your son:
 Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood:
 I, measuring his affections by my own,
 Which then most sought where most might not
 be found,

Being one too many by my weary self,
 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, 140
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's
 dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep
 sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night: 149
 Black and portentous must this humor prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

136. "*Which then most sought where most might not be found*"; Pope (from Q. 1), "*That most are busied, when they're most alone*"; Keightley, "*Which there . . .*," etc.; Herr conj. "*Which then most sought where many . . .*"; Allen conj. "*which then most sought where more . . .*"—I. G.

137. The meaning evidently is, that his disposition was to be in solitude, as he could hardly endure even so much company as that of himself.—H. N. H.

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counselor,

Is to himself—I will not say how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm, 160

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows
grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you step aside,

I'll know his grievance; or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To hear true shift. Come, madam, let's

away. [*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young? 170

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Aye me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

162. "sun"; Theobald's emendation of Qq. and Ff., "same."—I. G.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. i.

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favor, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view, 180
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love:

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms! 190

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

183. "*see pathways to his will*"; Staunton conj. "*set pathways to our will*"; Hanmer, ". . . *ill*."—I. G.

194. This string of antithetical conceits seems absurd enough to us; but such was the most approved way of describing love in Shakespeare's time, and for some ages before. Petrarch and Chaucer used it, and divers old English poets and ballad-makers abound in it. Perhaps the best defense of the use here made of it is, that such an affected way of speaking not unaptly shows the state of Romeo's mind, that his love is rather self-generated than inspired by any object. At all events, as compared with his style of speech after meeting with Juliet, it serves to mark the difference between *being love-sick* and *being in love*.—H. N. H.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast
shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine
own. 200

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along:

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love? 210

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I supposed you loved.

196. "*Why such is*"; Seymour conj. "*Why such is, merely*"; Collier MS., "*Why such, Benvolio, is*"; Mommsen conj. "*Why, such, Benvolio, such is*"; Keightley, "*Why, gentle cousin, such is*"; Orger conj. "*Why, such a love is.*"—I. G.

201. "*raised*"; Pope's correction (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., "*made.*"—I. G.

213. "*Bid a sick man in sadness make*"; so (Q. 1) Qq. 4, 5; Qq. 2, 3, F. 1, read "*A sicke man in sadnesse makes*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*A sicke man in good sadnesse makes.*"—I. G.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. i.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she 's fair I
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit, 221
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives un-
harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live
chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste; 230

For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way 240

223. "*From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd*"; Grant White conj. "*Gainst . . . encharm'd*"; Qq., Ff., *vncharm'd*"; Collier MS., "*encharm'd*."—I. G.

228. "*with beauty dies her store*"; Theobald reads "*with her dies Beauty's Store*"; Keightley, "*with her dies beauty store*."—I. G.

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. 250
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

A street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honorable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world;
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
 Let two more summers wither in their pride 10

241. "*To call hers, exquisite, in question more,*" to force that exquisite beauty of hers, yet more upon my judgment, by comparison, and so make me yet more keenly alive to it.—C. H. H.

242. "*These happy masks*"; this is probably an allusion to the masks worn by the female spectators of the play, unless we suppose that *these* means no more than *the*.—H. N. H.

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;

My will to her consent is but a part;

An she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20

Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love; and you among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven
light:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

When well-apparel'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh female buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, 30

And like her most whose merit most shall be:

Which on more view, of many mine being one

15. "*She is the hopeful lady of my earth*"; Johnson conj. "*She is the hope and stay of my full years.*"—I. G.

25. "*make dark heaven light*"; Theobald reads "*make dark heaven's light*"; Warburton, "*make dark even light*"; Jackson conj. "*mask dark heaven's lights*"; Daniel conj. "*mock dark heaven's light.*"—I. G.

26. "*young men*"; Johnson conj. "*yeomen.*"—I. G.

32. "*Which on more view,*" etc.; so Qq. 4, 5; Qq. 2, 3, Ff., "*one*" for "*on*"; (Q. 1), "*Such, amongst view of many myne being one*"; perhaps we should read with Mason, "*Whilst on more view of many, mine being one*"; many readings have been proposed.—I. G.

May stand in number, though in reckoning
none.

Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here!

It is written that the shoemaker should med-
dle with his yard and the tailor with his last, 40
the fisher with his pencil and the painter
with his nets; but I am sent to find those per-
sons whose names are here writ, and can
never find what names the writing person
hath here writ. I must to the learned. In
good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burn-
ing.

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's lan-
guish: 50

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

53. The "*plantain leaf*" is a blood-stancher, and was formerly ap-
plied to green wounds.—H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. ii.

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you 60
read?

Rom. Aye, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without
book: but, I pray, can you read anything you
see?

Rom. Aye, if I know the letters and the lan-
guage.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daugh- 70
ters; County Anselme and his beauteous
sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior
Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio
and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capu-
let, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece
Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his
cousin Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? 80

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that be-
fore.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my

master is the great rich Capulet; and if you
be not of the house of Montagues, I pray,
come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you
merry! [Exit. 90

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! 100
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems
best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. 110
[Exeunt.

106. Heath says, "*Your lady's love is the love you bear to your lady*, which, in our language, is commonly used for the lady herself." Perhaps we should read, "*Your lady-love*."—H. N. H.

SCENE III

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. 10

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be four-
teen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me:—but, as I said, 20
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, 31
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the
rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;

23. "*since the earthquake*"; perhaps an allusion to the violent earthquake shock which actually occurred in England in 1580.—C. H. H.

29. The nurse means to boast of her retentive faculty. To *bear a brain* was to possess much mental capacity. Thus in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*: "My silly husband, alas! knows nothing of it; 'tis I that must *beare a braine* for all."—H. N. H.

33. "*Shake, quoth the dove-house,*" referring to the effects of the earthquake; Daniel conj. "*goeth*" for "*quoth*."—I. G.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:
 And then my husband,—God be with his soul!
 A' was a merry man—took up the child: 40
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more
 wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Aye.'
 To see now how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?'
 quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Aye.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
 peace. 49

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say 'Aye':
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
 A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy
 face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to
 age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said 'Aye.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
 grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
 An I might live to see thee married once, 61
 I have my wish.

L. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honor that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentle-
man?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:⁸⁰
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.

66, 67. "*honor*"; Pope's emendation (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., "*houre*" and "*hour*."—I. G.

86. The comments on ancient books were generally printed in the *margin*. Horatio says, in *Hamlet*, "I knew you must be edified by the *margent*." So in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"But she that never cop'd with stranger *eyes*
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide: 90
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

La Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper 100
served up, you called, my young lady asked
for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every
thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I
beseech you, follow straight.

Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy *margin* of such *books*."

This speech is full of quibbles. The *unbound* lover is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book*, and the *binding* in *marriage*; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, *femme couverte*.—H. N. H.

89. It is not quite clear what is meant by this. Dr. Farmer explains it, "The fish is *not yet caught*"; and thinks there is a reference to the ancient use of fish-skins for book-covers. It does not well appear what this meaning can have to do with the context. The sense apparently required is, that the fish is hidden within the sea, as a thing of beauty within a beautiful thing. Malone thinks we should read, "The fish lives in the *shell*"; and he adds that "the sea cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a shell may."—This whole speech and the next are wanting in the quarto of 1597.—H. N. H.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Serving-man.*] Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, and Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

3. In *King Henry VIII*, where the king introduces himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before with an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions it is probable Romeo is made to allude. In *Histrionastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the maskers enter without any compliment: "What, come they in so blunt, without device?" Of this kind of masquerading there is a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech.—H. N. H.

5, 6. The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-relief. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle.—A *crow-keeper* was simply a *scare-crow*.—H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. iv.

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore-enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: 21
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:

A visor for a visor! what care I 30
What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

11. A "*torch-bearer*" was a constant appendage to every troop of maskers. To *hold a torch* was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College on a Sunday evening.—H. N. H.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own
 word: 40

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
 Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
 Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
 But 'tis no wit to go.

36. The apartments of our ancestors were strewed with rushes, and so was the ancient stage.—H. N. H.

39. "*The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done*"; "an allusion to an old proverbial saying which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest" (Ritson).—I. G.

41. *Cp.* Chaucer's *Manciple's Prologue*:—

Ther gan our hoste for to jape and pleye,
 And seyde, sirs, what!
 Dun is in the myre!

A proverbial expression originally used in an old rural sport, and meaning, "we are all at a standstill!" or, "let us make an effort to move on" (*vide* Prof. Skeat's *Notes to Canterbury Tales*, Vol. v.).—I. G.

42. "*Of this sir-reverence love*"; Singer's emendation from (Q. 1); Qq. read "*Or saue you reuerence loue*"; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Or saue your reuerence loue*."—I. G.

45. Capell's emendation; (Q. 1) reads "*We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day*"; Qq., "*We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day*"; Ff., "*We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day*."—I. G.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. 50

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; 60

Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;

Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;

Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night 70

54. The "*fairies' midwife*" does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person *among* the fairies whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects.—Steevens.

66. "*Maid*"; Pope's reading (from Q. 1); Qq., F. 1, "*man*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*woman*"; Ulrici (from Collier MS.), "*milk-maid*."—I. G.

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are:

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 80
Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,

77. "*Courtier's*"; Pope (from Q. 1) reads "*lawyer's*"; Theobald conj. "*taylor's*."—I. G.

85. "*Of healths*"; Thirlby conj. "*Of delves*"; Keightley conj. "*Trenches*"; Clark MS., "*Of hilts*."—I. G.

89. This alludes to a singular superstition, not yet forgotten in some parts of the continent. It was believed that certain malignant spirits assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them into inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of their masters. There is a very uncommon old print, by Hans

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north, 101
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from our
selves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

Burgmair, relating to this subject. A witch enters the stable with a lighted torch; and, previously to the operation of entangling the horse's mane, practices her enchantments on the groom, who is lying asleep on his back, and apparently influenced by the nightmare. The belamites or elf-stones were regarded as charms against the last-mentioned disease, and against evil spirits of all kinds.—The next line, "And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs," seems to be unconnected with the preceding, and to mark a superstition which, as Dr. Warburton has observed, may have originated from the *plica Polonica*, which was supposed to be the operation of the wicked elves; whence the clotted hair was called elf-locks, or elf-knots. Thus Edgar talks of "elfing all his hair in knots" (Douce).—H. N. H.

91. "Untangled"; "which once u.," the untangling of which.—I. G.

With this night's revels, and expire the term
 Of a despised life closed in my breast, 110
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.

SCENE V

A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;

103. "*Face*"; Pope's reading (from Q. 1); Qq, Ff, "*side*"; Collier MS., "*tide*."—I. G.

8. The "*court cupboard*" was the ancient sideboard: it was a cumbersome piece of furniture, with stages or shelves gradually receding, like stairs, to the top, whereon the plate was displayed at festivals. They are mentioned in many old comedies.—H. N. H.

9. "*Marchpane*" was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. It was a sweet cake, composed of filberts, almonds, pistachios, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small portion of flour. They were often made in fantastic forms.—H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. v.

and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in 10
Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and
Potpan!

Sec. Serv. Aye, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for,
asked for and sought for, in the great cham-
ber.

Third Serv. We cannot be here and there too.
Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the long-
er liver take all. [*They retire behind.*]

*Enter Capulet, with Juliet and others of his house,
meeting the Guests and Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their
toes 20

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with
you:

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes
dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye
now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis
gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come musi-
cians, play.

21. "Will have a bout"; (Q. 1); "will have about"; Qq., Ff., "will
walke about"; Pope, "we'll have a bout"; Daniel, "will walke a bout."
—I. G.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls. 30

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is 't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, 40

Some five and twenty years; and then we

mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady 's that, which

doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; 50

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

30. "*A hall, a hall*"; an exclamation to make room in a crowd for any particular purpose, as we now say *a ring! a ring!*—H. N. H.

31. The ancient "*tables*" were flat leaves or *boards* joined by hinges and placed on trestles; when they were to be removed they were therefor *turned up*.—H. N. H.

49. "*It seems she*"; so (Q. 1) Qq., F. 1; Ff., 2, 3, 4, reads "*Her beauty*"; Bulloch conj. "*In streams she*"; etc.—I. G.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. v.

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of
stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the
slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, 60
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman; 70
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:

I 'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured: 80

What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;

Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You 'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,

You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you 'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy: is 't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time. 89

Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:

Be quiet, or— More light, more light! For shame!

I 'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with willful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.

[*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. 100

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Aye, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take. 110

Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.
[*Kissing her.*]

111. "*Kissing her*"; in Shakespeare's time, the kissing of a lady at a social gathering seems not to have been thought indecorous. So, in *King Henry VIII*, we have Lord Sands kissing Anne Boleyn, at the supper given by Wolsey.—Mr. R. G. White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*, has the following happy remarks on this bit of dialogue: "I have never seen a Juliet upon the stage, who appeared to appreciate the archness of the dialogue with Romeo in this scene. They go through it solemnly, or, at best, with staid propriety. They reply literally to all Romeo's speeches about saints and palmers. But it should be noticed that, though this is the first interview of the lovers, we do not hear them speak until the close of their dialogue, in which they have arrived at a pretty thorough understanding of their mutual feelings. Juliet makes a feint of parrying Romeo's advances; but does it archly, and knows that he is to have the kiss he sues for. He asks,—'Have not saints lips, and holy palmers, too?' The stage Juliet answers with literal solemnity. But it was not a *conventicle* at old Capulet's: Juliet was not holding forth. How demure was her real answer: 'Aye, pilgrim, lips that

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her 120
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Aye, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late: 130
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

they must use—in prayer.' And when Romeo fairly gets her into the corner, towards which she has been contriving to be driven; and says,—'Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd,' and does put them to that purgation; how slyly the pretty puss gives him an opportunity to repeat the penance, by replying,—'Then have my lips the sin that they have took,'—H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. v.

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What 's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What 's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague, 140

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within 'Juliet.'*

Nurse. Anon, anon!

Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;
 That fair for which love groan'd for and would
 die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
 But to his foe supposed he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
 hooks:
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less ¹¹
 To meet her new beloved any where:
 But passion lends them power, time means, to
 meet,
 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.
[Exit.

SCENE I

A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo, alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall;
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but 'aye me!' pronounce but 'love' and
'dove;'

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, 11

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering
thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20

That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

10. "pronounce"; Qq. 2, 3, "prouaunt"; F. 1, "Prouant"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "Couply"; Rowe, "couple."—I. G.

13. "Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim"; all the early editions read "Abraham Cupid"; Theobald conjectured "auborn"; Upton, "Adam," referring to Adam Bell, the famous archer. It must be borne in mind, however, that "Abram," "Abraham," was a regular corrupt form of *auburn*, formerly often written *abern*, *abron*.—I. G.

"trim," Steevens (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., "true."—I. G.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consorted with the humorous night: 31
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
 An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
 Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*

39. The "*truckle-bed*" or *trundle-bed* was a bed for the servant or page, and was so made as to run under the "*standing-bed*," which

But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady; O, it is my love! 10
O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Aye me!

was for the master. We are not to suppose that Mercutio slept in the servant's bed: he merely speaks of his *truckle-bed* in contrast with the *field-bed*, that is, the *ground*.—H. N. H.

6. "*Be not her maid*"; that is, be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.—H. N. H.

Rom. She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him, 30
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak
 at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

41-42. "*nor any other part Belonging to a man.*" "*O, be some other name!*" Malone's emendation; Pope (from Q. 1) reads "*nor any other part*"; Qq., Ff., "*O be some other name Belonging to a man.*"—I. G.

44. "*name,*" so Pope (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., "*word.*"—I. G.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act II. Sc. ii.

Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptized; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the
sound:

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and where-
fore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 70

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but
sweet,

61. "*fair maid, if either thee dislike*"; so Qq., Ff.; Pope (from Q. 1) reads "*fair saint . . . displease*"; Theobald, "*fair saint . . . dislike*"; Grant White, "*fair maid . . . displease*"; Anon. conj. "*fair maid . . . mislike*."—I. G.

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. 81

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say
'Aye,' 90

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,

92. "*At lovers' perjuries, They say, Jove laughs*"; this Shakespeare found in Ovid's *Art of Love*; perhaps in Marlowe's translation:

"For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries."—H. N. H.

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior
light:

But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange. 101

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,

107. "*blessed moon I swear*"; so (Q. 1) Qq.; Ff. read "*moon I vow*."—I. G.

116 et seq. "With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness, by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare this scene with Act

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good
 night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we
 meet. 122

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and
 rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
 mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
 And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what pur-
 pose, love? 130

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

iii. sc. 1, of *The Tempest*. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mastery in playing a distinctly memorable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love-confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other" (Coleridge).—
 H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act II. Sc. ii.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-
morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the
rite,

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
books,

153. "*suit*"; so Q. 5; Q. 4, "*sute*"; Qq. 2, 3, Ff., "*strife*."—I. G.

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [Retiring slowly.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again! 160
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than
mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then. 170
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. 190

[*Exit.*

SCENE III

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. L. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

189. "*father's cell*"; Capell's reading (from Q. 1); Qq. Ff. 3, 4, "*Friers close cell*"; Ff. 1, 2, "*Fries close cell*."—I. G.

1-4. Omitted in Ff. 2, 3, 4.—I. G.

1. "The reverend character of the Friar, like all Shakespeare's representations of the great professions, is very delightful and tranquillizing, yet it is no digression, but immediately necessary to the carrying on of the plot" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced
 flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb: 10
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find,
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair
 use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: 20
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

4. "*day's path and Titan's fiery wheels*"; Malone's reading (from Q. 1); Qq., F. 1, "*day's path, and Titans burning wheels*"; Pope, "*day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels*."—I. G.

7-9. Shakespeare has very artificially prepared us for the part Friar Laurence is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece.—H. N. H.

9, 10. Lucretius has the same thought: "*Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulcrum*." Likewise, Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, Book ii. "*The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave*."—H. N. H.

23. "*small*," so Pope from (Q. 1); Qq., Ff., "*weake*."—I. G.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act II. Sc. iii.

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
 part,
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L.

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
 reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature; 40
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;

I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou
 been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50

That 's by me wounded: both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; 59

And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 70

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:

And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence
then:

Women may fall when there's no strength in
men. 80

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow: they stumble that run
fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a 10
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot
thorough the ear with a love-song; the very
pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-
boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to en-
counter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt? 20

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.

O, he's the courageous captain of compli-
ments. He fights as you sing prick-song,
keeps time, distance and proportion; rests
me his minim rest, one, two, and the third
in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk
button, a duelist, a duelist; a gentleman of

21. "*Prince of cats*"; *Tybert*, the name given to a cat in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. So in Dekker's *Satiromastix*: "Tho' you were *Tybert*, prince of long-tail'd cats." Again, in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, by Nash: "Not *Tibalt* prince of cats."—H. N. H.

23. "*Prick-song*" music was music *pricked* or written down, and so sung by *note*, not from memory, or as learned by the ear.—H. N. H.

28. "*A gentleman of the first house*"; that is, a gentleman of the first rank among these duelists; and one who understands the whole science of quarreling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause* for which a man is to fight. The clown, in *As You Like It*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense.—H. N. H.

the very first house, of the first and second
cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto
reverso! the hai! 30

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting
fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!
'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall
man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this
a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we
should be thus afflicted with these strange
flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdonami's,
who stand so much on the new form
that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? 40
O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O
flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is
he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in:
Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench;
marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme
her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy;

29. "*Passado*"; all the terms of the fencing school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist. Our fencers on the same occasion cry out *ha!*—H. N. H.

36. "*Grandsire*"; humorously apostrophizing his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.—H. N. H.

40. "*Cannot sit at ease*"; during the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great "boulstered breeches," it is said to have been necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, without which those *who stood on the new form* could not sit at ease on the old bench.—H. N. H.

Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. 50
Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy. 60

Mer. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till 70
thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

50. A "gray" eye appears to have meant what we now call a *blue* eye. He means to admit that Thisbe had a tolerably fine eye.—
H. N. H.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or
I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase,
I have done; for thou hast more of the wild- 80
goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I
have in my whole five: was I with you there
for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything
when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a
most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet 90
goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches
from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;'
which added to the goose, proves thee far
and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groan-
ing for love? now art thou sociable, now art

79. "*Wild-goose chase*"; one kind of horserace which resembled the flight of *wild geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow him wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasantry kept up here. "My wits faint," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly, "Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if our wits run the *wild goose chase*," &c.—H. N. H.

95-96. "*far and wide a broad goose*"; perhaps "*far and wide abroad, goose*"; or *broad* may be "*flat, arrant*." Staunton suggested "*brood-goose*." No fine point need be sought in the phrase, for Romeo's preoccupied mind betrays itself in his harsh and strained wit.—C. H. H.

thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by
art as well as by nature: for this driveling ¹⁰⁰
love is like a great natural, that runs lolling
up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale
against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale
large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made
it short: for I was come to the whole depth
of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the ¹¹⁰
argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's
the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen. ¹²⁰

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy
hand of the dial is now upon the prick of
noon.

105. "*Against the hair*"; against the grain.—C. H. H.

121. "*God ye good den*"; that is, "God give you a good *even*." The
first of these contractions is common in our old dramas.—H. N. H.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of 130 you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confi- 140 dence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent: 150
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

148. "*Hoar*," or hoary, is often used for *mouldy*, as things grow white from moulding. These lines seem to have been part of an old song. In the quarto of 1597, we have this stage direction: "*He walks by them and sings.*"—H. N. H.

Romeo, will you come to your father's?
we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*Singing*] 'lady, lady, lady.'

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of 160 his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave. I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. [*Turning to Peter*] And 170 thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side.

158. "*Lady, lady, lady*"; the burden of an old song.—H. N. H.

161. "*Ropery*" appears to have been sometimes used in the sense of *roquetry*; perhaps meaning *tricks* deserving the *rope*, that is, the gallows. So in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy *roperye*."—"Merchant" was often used as a term of abuse.—H. N. H.

162. "*I am none of his skains-mates*"; "*skains-mates*" occurs nowhere else, its origin is uncertain; it is perhaps connected with *skain*, *skein*, "as if associated in winding yarns" (or *skain's* = *gen. of skain*, *skean* = dagger; "as if a brother in arms").—I. G.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told 180 you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 190

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, 'i faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise 200

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy 210
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you,
sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest
lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prat- 220
ing thing—O, there is a nobleman in town,
one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard;
but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a
very toad, as see him. I anger her some-
times, and tell her that Paris is the properer
man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so,
she looks as pale as any clout in the versal
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo be-
gin both with a letter?

Rom. Aye, nurse; what of that? both with 230
an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R
is for the—No; I know it begins with some
other letter—and she hath the prettiest sen-

209. "*tackled stairs*"; that is, like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. A *stair* for a *flight of stairs* was once common.—H. N. H.

tentious of it, of you and rosemary, that it
would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Aye, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*]

Peter!

Peter. Anon?

240

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and
apace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the
nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that 's not so.

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's

beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid

wings.

232. "R"; Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says "*R* is the
dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound." And Nashe, in *Summer's
Last Will and Testament*, 1600, speaking of dogs: "They *arre* and
barke at night against the moone." And Barclay, in his *Ship of
Foolles*, pleasantly exemplifies it:

"This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,
Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter *R*,
Though all be well, yet he none aunswere hath,
Save the dogges letter glowming with *nar, nar.*"

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours; yet she is not come. 11
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.* 20
Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am a-weary; give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I
had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good
nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
 Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
 you know not how to choose a man: **Romeo!**
 no, not he; though his face be better than 40
 any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and
 for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though
 they be not to be talked on, yet they are past
 compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,
 but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.
 Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What,
 have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have
 I! 50

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
 My back o' t' other side,—ah, my back, my back!
 Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
 To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
 love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
 and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
 and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your
 mother? 60

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
 Where should she be? How oddly thou re-
 pliest!

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here 's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have. 71

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burthen soon at night. 80

Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness, 12
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue

17. This scene was entirely rewritten after the first quarto, and in this place not improved. The passage originally stood thus:

"Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.
See where she comes!—
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower:
Of love and joy, see, see, the sovereign power!"

The hyperbole of "*never wearing out the everlasting flint*," appears less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind.—H. N. H.

Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their
worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

34. "*sum up sum of half my*"; so Qq. 2, 3; Qq. 4, 5, "*summe up
ome of halfe my*"; Ff., "*sum up some of halfe my*," etc.—I. G.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stir-
ring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps
me his sword upon the table, and says 'God
send me no need of thee!' and by the oper-
ation of the second cup draws it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need. 10

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to
be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the
other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a
man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in
his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel 20

with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling: thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling! 30

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not, 40

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act III. Sc. i.

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,— 50

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you dance.
'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; 60
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

Mer. But I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none; 70
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

55. "*consorts*"; it should be remembered that a *consort* was the old term for a set or company of musicians.—H. N. H.

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? 81

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of
your nine lives, that I mean to make bold
withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter,
dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the
ears? make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. 91

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden this bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio
and flies with his followers.*

80. "*Alla stoccata*," the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.—H. N. H.

87. "*Pilcher*"; Warburton says that we should read *pilche*, which signifies a coat or covering of skin or leather; meaning the scabbard. The first quarto has *scabbard*.—H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act III. Sc. i.

Mer. I am hurt;
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Aye, aye, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough. 100

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide
as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill
serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall
find me a grave man. I am peppered, I
warrant, for this world. A plague o' both
your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse,
a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart,
a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of 110
arithmetic! Why the devil came you be-
tween us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your
houses!

They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,

107. After "*for this world*," the quarto of 1597 continues Mercutio's speech as follows: "A pox of your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders, for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets; and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?"

"*Boy.* He's come, sir.

"*Mer.* Now will he keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.
—Come, Benvolio; lend me thy hand. A pox of your houses!"—

H. N. H.

And soundly too: your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd 120
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valor's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth de-
pend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain! 131
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,

122. "*kinsman*," Capell's reading from (Q. 1); Q. 5, other texts, "*cousin*."—I. G.

128. This day's unhappy destiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.—H. N. H.

131. "*Alive, in triumph*"; so the first quarto; the later copies, "*He gone in triumph*."—The later copies also have "*fire and fury*" instead of "*fire-eyed fury*."—*Respective* is considerative. *Conduct* for *conductor*.—H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act III. Sc. i.

Staying for thine to keep him company:

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone! 141

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:

Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

First. Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all. 151

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is
spilt.

Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray? 160

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends 171

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose
arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,

168. "This small portion of untruth in Benvolio's narrative is finely conceived" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

175. "*agile*"; (Q. 1) Qq. 4, 5, "*agill*"; Qq. 2, 3, F. 1, "*aged*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*able*."—I. G.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act III. Sc. i.

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, 180
And to 't they go like lightning: for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not
true:

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. 190

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should
end,

The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offense

Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleed-
ing;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine: 200

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

196. "*hate's*"; Knight's emendation; Qq., Ff., read "*hearts*"; Hammer, "*heats*"; Johnson, "*hearts*."—I. G.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a wagoner
 As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing
 night,
 That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo

205. "Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakespeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him*. Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed*, without danger to the Poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humor, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

6. "*That runaways' eyes may wink*"; an epitome of the various interpretations of these words filling no less than twenty-eight pages of Furness' *Variorum Edition*; the Quartos and Folios do not mark the possessive, and scholars are divided on the subject of the singular or plural possessive. The Cambridge editors evidently make "*runaways*"=runagates, night-prowlers. The present editor cannot bring

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks
 With thy black mantle, till strange love grown
 bold

Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in
 night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd
 night, 20

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,

himself to believe that Shakespeare intended this reading, and would fain substitute "*Runaway's*" in the sense of "Day's"; "*Runaway*" may have belonged to the playful phraseology of Elizabethan girls, and savors of the expressive language of children's rhymes.—I. G.

14. These are terms of falconry. An "*unmanned*" hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. "*Bating*" is fluttering or beating the wings as striving to fly away.—H. N. H.

19. "*On a raven's back*"; the old copies till the second folio have *upon* instead of *on*. *Upon* overfills the measure; and the undated quarto remedies this by omitting *new*.—H. N. H.

21. "*When he shall die*"; so the undated quarto; the other old copies, "*when I shall die*."—H. N. H.

But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my
 nurse,
 And she brings news, and every tongue that
 speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou
 there? the cords
 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Aye, aye, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Aye me! what news? why dost thou wring thy
 hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
 dead.

We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me
 thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'

45. "I"; in Shakespear's time the affirmative particle *aye* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling.
 —H. N. H.

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not I, if there be such an I,
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'
 If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no: 50
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
 God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore blood: I swounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at
 once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,
 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general
 doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
 Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70

53. "*God save the mark!*" a phrase originally used to avert the evil omen attaching to some token or "mark," by invoking a blessing on it; hence, loosely, "God bless us!"—C. H. H.

66. "*dear-loved*"; Pope's reading (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., read "*dearest*."—I. G.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honorable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue 90

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

76. "*Dove-feather'd raven*"; Theobald's emendation of Qq. 2, 3, F. 1, "*Rauenous douefeatherd Rauen*"; Qq. 4, 5, Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen*."—I. G.

79. "*damned saint*"; so Qq. 4, 5, Ff. 2, 3, 4; Qq. 2, 3, "*dimme sainl*"; F. 1, "*dimne saint*."—I. G.

90. "*Blister'd be thy tongue For such a wish*"; "note the Nurse's mistake of the mind's audible struggles with itself for its decision *in toto*" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin? 100

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-
band:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's
death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O, it presses to my memory, 110

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;'

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'

102. To "*smooth*" is to *speak fair*; it is here metaphorically used for to mitigate or assuage the asperity of censure with which Romeo's name would be now mentioned.—H. N. H.

113-114. "*'Banished' Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts*"; that is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.—H. N. H.

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's
death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's
dead,'

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished:' to speak that word, 122
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished.'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe
sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall
be spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are be-
guiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment. 11

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then 'banished' 20
Is death mis-term'd: calling death 'banished,'
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind
prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banish-
ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished: 40
This may flies do, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished:

40-43. The quartos of 1599 and 1609 jumble various readings together thus:

"This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?"

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me?—'Banished'?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a
word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. 60

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not
feel:

But Romeo may not, he is banished.

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:

They are free men, but I am banished."—H. N. H.

52. "*Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word*"; Malone's emendation (from Q. 1); Qq. 2, 3, "*Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake*"; Qq. 4, 5, "*Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake*"; F. 1, "*Then fond mad man, neare me speake*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Fond mad man, heare me speake*."—I. G.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou
tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[*Knocking within.*]

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there?
Romeo arise;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;
[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then. 80

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act III. Sc. iii.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blub-
bering.

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of
all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancel'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, 101
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand

85-86. "*O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament!*"; the old
copies make these words a part of the Nurse's speech. They were
assigned to the Friar, at Farmer's suggestion.—H. N. H.

98. The epithet "*concealed*" is to be understood, not of the person,
but of the condition of the lady.—H. N. H.

Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast: 111

Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and
earth?

Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do
meet 120

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy
wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

109. Shakespeare has here followed Brooke's poem:

*"Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy shape saith, so thou art,
Thy crying and thy weping eyes denote a womans hart:
For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,
And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed;
So that I stooode in doute this howre at the least,
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast."*

—H. N. H.

119. "*Why rail'st thou on thy birth,*" etc. Romeo, in the play as it stands, has not done this. But Brooke's Romeus, his original, had. Shakespeare has obliterated the offense but retained the reproof.—

C. H. H.

And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit:

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defense.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy
too:

The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy
friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: 140
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;

133. "*Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance*"; to understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using match locks, instead of locks with flints, as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they carried their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humor's Ordinary*, an old collection of English Epigrams:

"When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,
And till this hour the burning is not out."—H. N. H.

134. "*And thou dismember'd with thine own defense*"; and thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.—H. N. H.

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the
night

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! 160
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all
your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

166. "*Here stands all your state*", the whole of your fortune depends on this.—H. N. H.

And he shall signify from time to time 170
 Every good hap to you that chances here:
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good
 night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
 Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
 'Tis very late; she 'll not come down to-night:
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
 Madam, good night; commend me to your
 daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-mor-
 row; 10

To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled

12. "*Desperate*" means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, I will speak a *bold* word, and *venture* to promise you my daughter" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday
next—

But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her, 20

She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen
friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then. 30

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me, it is so very very late,

That we may call it early by and by:

Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet, above, at the window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

2-4. "*nightingale . . . pomegranate tree*"; a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* gives the following on this passage: "Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and therefore, in the South of Europe, and in the East, it has become the chief ornament of the garden. But where did Shakespeare find that the nightingale haunted the pomegranate tree, pouring forth her song from the same bough, week after week? Doubtless in some old travels with which he was familiar. Chaucer puts his nightingale in 'a fresh green laurel tree'; but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. 'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day-time,' says Russel, in his account of Aleppo. A friend, whose observations as a traveler are as acute as his descriptions are graphic and forcible, informs us that throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia."—H. N. H.

6. "*Herald of the morn*"; Shakespeare has glorified the subject with special power, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."—H. N. H.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops: 10
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay than will to go:
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
 How is 't my soul? let's talk: it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

14. "*Torch-bearer*"; so in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "The moon, then full (not thinking scorn to be a *torch-bearer* to such beauty) guided her steps." And Sir John Davies's *Orchestra*, speaking of the Sun:

"When the great *torch-bearer* of heaven was gone
 Downe in a maske unto the ocean's court."—H. N. H.

17–25. The quarto of 1597 gives this speech in a form which the Poet will hardly be thought to have improved; thus:

"Let me stay here, let me be ta'en, and die;
 If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
 I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
 It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
 The vaulty heaven so far above our heads,
 And not the lark, the messenger of morn:
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so,—
 What says my love? let's talk, 'tis not yet day."

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30

Some say the lark and loathed toad change
eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light: more dark and dark
our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about. 40

[*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*Descends.*

29. "*A division*," in music, is a variation upon some fundamental air.—H. N. H.

31. According to Warburton there is a popular saying to this effect, due to the fact that the toad has very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones.—I. G.

34. The "*hunt's up*" was originally a tune played to wake sportsmen, and call them together. It was a common burden of hunting ballads. Puttenham says that one Gray grew into good estimation with the Duke of Somerset for making certain merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *the hunte is up, the hunte is up*. According to Cotgrave the *Reveille*, or morning song to a new married woman, was called the *hunt's up*. So Drayton, in his *Poly-Olbion*: "But *hunt's up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing." And in his third *Eclogue*: "Time plays the *hunt's up* to thy sleepy head."—H. N. H.

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

54. "*Ill-divining soul*"; "This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance peculiarly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:

'My mind misgives me,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
From this night's revels.'" (Steevens).—H. N. H.

55. "*below*"; Pope's reading from (Q. 1); Qq., Ff., "*so lowe*."—
I. G.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act III. Sc. v.

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? it is my lady mother!

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death? 70

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him
live;

Therefore have done: some grief shows much of
love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam? 81

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Aye, madam, from the reach of these my
hands:

Would none but I might venge my cousin's
death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Man-
tua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, ⁹⁰
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him, ¹⁰¹
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

⁹¹ So all the old copies but the first quarto, which reads thus: "That should bestow on him so sure a draught." This reading, with *should* changed to *shall*, has been commonly adopted in the modern text.—H. N. H.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 110
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo. 120
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so your-
self,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

112. "*In happy time*," *A la bonne heure*. This phrase was interjected when the hearer was not so well pleased as the speaker (Johnson).—H. N. H.

115. "*County*," or *countie*, was the usual term for an earl in Shakespeare's time. Paris is in this play first styled a *young earle*.—H. N. H.

124. In Mr. Collier's second folio, the words, "*These are news indeed!*" are transferred to Lady Capulet, and made a part of the next speech. The change, though not necessary to the sense, seems well worthy of being considered.—H. N. H.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
 But for the sunset of my brother's son
 It rains downright.
 How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
 Evermore showering? In one little body 131
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
 Who raging with thy tears, and they with them,
 Without a sudden calm will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Aye, sir; but she will none, she gives you
 thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you,
 wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us
 thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

130. "*conduit*"; the same image, which was in frequent use with Shakespeare's contemporaries, occurs in Brooke's Poem: "His sighs are stopt, and stopped in the *conduit* of his tears."—H. N. H.

142. "*Take me with you*"; that is, *let me understand you*; like the Greek phrase, "Let me go along with you."—Coleridge exclaims,—
 "A noble scene! Don't I see it with my own eyes?—Yes! but not with Juliet's. And observe in Capulet's last speech in this scene his mistake, as if love's causes were capable of being generalized."—H. N. H.

Jul. Not proud, you have, but thankful that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How, how! how, how! chop-logic! What is this? 150

‘Proud,’ and ‘I thank you,’ and ‘I thank you not;’

And yet ‘not proud:’ mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o’ Thursday,

150. “*Chop-logic*”; Capulet uses this as a nickname. “Choplogyk is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will give him xx wordes for one, or elles he will bydde the devylles paternoster in scylençe” (*The xxiii Orders of Knaves*).—H. N. H.

152. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

158. “*Tallow-face*”; in the age of Shakespeare, authors not only employed these terms of abuse in their original performances, but even in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas *hedge-brat*, *cullion*, and *tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.—H. N. H.

Or never after look me in the face:
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us
 blest
 That God had lent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her:
 Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
 tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

166. "*lent*"; Pope (from Q. 1) reads "*sent*"; Cowden Clarke conj. "*left*."—I. G.

169. "*Hilding*" was a common term of reproach; meaning something vile.—H. N. H.

177-179. So Q. 2 and the other Qq.; Q. 1 reads:—

"Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
 Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
 Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
 Still my care hath been to see her matcht."

Many attempts have been made to smooth the lines, but perhaps they express Capulet's excitement.—I. G.

To have her match'd: and having now provided 180

A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a
man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with
me: 190

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! 200
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

182. "train'd"; Capell's reading (from Q. 1); Qq. 3, 4, 5, Ff.,
"allied"; Q. 2, "liand," etc.—I. G.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me. 210
Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse.

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman! 220

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

214–227. The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. The picture is not, however, an original; the nurse in the poem exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture. Sir John Vanbrugh, in *The Relapse*, has copied, in this respect, the character of his nurse from Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

222. "*Green . . . eye*"; Chaucer, in *The Knightes Tale*, says of Emetrius,—"*His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin*"; which

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act III. Sc. v.

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous
much. 230

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counselor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy: 241
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

probably means that his eyes had the color of an unripe lemon or *citron*. So, Fletcher, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*: "O! vouchsafe with that thy rare *green* eye." And Lord Bacon says that "eyes somewhat large, and the circles of them inclined to *greenness*, are signs of long life."—H. N. H.

234. There is a significant stage direction here in Q₁: "She looks after Nurse." This Q having been taken down from notes in the theater, we doubtless have here a direct clue to the original manner of playing the part.—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:

Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love,

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears,

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

3. "*nothing slow to slack his haste*"; Collier conj. "*something slow*," etc.; Q. 1, "*nothing slack to slow his haste*"; Johnson conj. "*nothing slow to back his haste*."—I. G.

The meaning of Paris is clear; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken his haste*: but the words given him seem rather to mean *I am not backward in restraining his haste*. In the first edition the line ran: "An I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste."—H. N. H.

Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should
be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday
next. 20

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your
face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that; 30
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

16. Omitted in Qq., Ff.—I. G.

To "*slow*" and to *foreslow* were anciently in common use.—
H. N. H.

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past
help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

38. "*evening mass.*" The practice of saying mass in the afternoon had been prohibited, a generation before Shakespeare wrote, by Pius V (1566-72); Simpson, however, has shown (*N. Sh. Soc. Transactions*, 1875) that it notwithstanding continued in certain places, among the rest at Verona. It was not Shakespeare's way to avail himself of local accidents such as this; but early associations may have suggested the phrase.—C. H. H.

45. "*cure,*" so (Q. 1) Q. 5; Qq. 2, 3, 4, Ff., "*care.*"—I. G.

57. "*Label to another deed*"; the seals of deeds formerly were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II* the Duke of York discovers a covenant, which his

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honor bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That copes with death himself to 'scape from
 it;

And, if thou darest, I 'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
 bears; 80
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
 bones,

son the Duke of Aumerle had entered into, by the depending seal.—
 H. N. H.

77. "*Yonder tower*"; so the first quarto; the other old copies, "*any tower*."—In the second line below, the first quarto reads thus:

"Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions are."—H. N. H.

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 Things that to hear them told, have made me
 tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow; 90
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall, 100
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like
 death:

85. "*Shroud*"; so the undated quarto: the folio of 1623 has *grave* instead of *shroud*: the quartos of 1599 and 1609 have nothing after *his*, thus leaving the sense incomplete. The first quarto gives the line thus: "Or lay me in a tomb with one new dead."—Instead of the last line in this speech, the quarto of 1597 has the following:

"To keep myself a faithful unstain'd wife
 To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo."—H. N. H.

100. "*Paly*"; so the undated quarto: the other old copies have *many* instead of *paly*; except the second folio, which has *mealy*.—H. N. H.

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning
comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou
dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier 110
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present
shame,

If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear

106-107. "*A cold . . . surcease*"; in the first quarto, where this whole speech extends only to fourteen lines, we have the following, which is in some respects better than the reading of the other old copies:

"A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat."—H. N. H.

110. "*Bier*"; the Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the face *uncovered*, Shakespeare found particularly described in Brooke's poem:

"An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
Borne to their church, *with open face upon the beere he lyes,*
In wonted weed attyrd, not wrapt in winding sheete."

—H. N. H.

115-116. "*and he and I Will watch thy waking*"; the reading of Qq. 3, 4, 5; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Abate thy valor in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve; I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Hall in Capulet's house.

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and
two Servingmen.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. "*Cunning cooks*"; cooking was an art of great esteem in Shakespeare's time, as indeed it is likely to be, so long as men keep up the habit of eating. Ben Jonson's description of "a master cook," too long to be quoted here, is a specimen of the humorous sublime not apt to be forgotten by anyone that has feasted upon it. The Poet has been suspected of an oversight or something worse, in making Capulet give order here for so many "cunning cooks"; whereupon the pictorial edition defends him thus: "Old Capulet, in his exuberant spirits at his daughter's approaching marriage, calls for 'twenty' of these artists. The critics think this too large a number. Ritson says, with wonderful simplicity,—'Either Capulet had altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us.' This is indeed to understand the Poet with admirable exactness. The passage is entirely in keeping with Shakespeare's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is evidently a man of ostentation; but his ostentation, as

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. *[Exit Sec. Servant.]*

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Aye, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20

is most generally the case, is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first Act he says to his guests,—‘We have a trifling foolish banquet toward.’ In the third Act, when he settles the day of Paris’ marriage, he just hints,—‘We’ll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two.’ But Shakespeare knew that these indications of ‘the pride which apes humility’ were not inconsistent with the ‘twenty cooks,’—the regret that ‘we shall be much unfurnish’d for this time,’ and the solicitude expressed in, ‘Look to the bak’d meats, good Angelica.’—H. N. H.

7. “*Fingers*”; this adage is in Puttenham’s *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589:

“As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chicke:
A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.”—H. N. H.

To beg your pardon! pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;
Aye, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife: 40

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What,
ho!

They are all forth: well, I will walk myself

26. "*Becomed*" for *becoming*. The old writers furnish many such instances of the active and passive forms used interchangeably.—
H. N. H.

To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Aye, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of
sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my
help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you, 10
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:
 I'll call them back again to comfort me.
 Nurse!—What should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
 Come, vial. 20

What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
 No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?

first quarto, that the reader may observe with what growth of power it was afterwards worked out by the Poet:

“Farewell: God knows when we shall meet again.
 Ah! I do take a fearful thing in hand.
 What if this potion should not work at all,
 Must I of force be married to the county?
 This shall forbid it: knife, lie thou there.
 What if the friar should give me this drink
 To poison me, for fear I should disclose
 Our former marriage? Ah! I wrong him much;
 He is a holy and religious man:
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.
 What if I should be stifled in the tomb?
 Awake an hour before the appointed time?
 Ah! then I fear I shall be lunatic;
 And, playing with my dead forefather's bones,
 Dash out my frantic brains. Methinks, I see
 My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,
 Seeking for Romeo! Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee.”—H. N. H.

23. “*Dagger*”; “*Daggers*,” says Gifford, “or, as they are commonly called, knives, were worn at all times by every woman in England; whether they were so in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell.”—H. N. H.

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air
 breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where for this many hundred years the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd; 41
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the
 earth,

41. "*Are pack'd*"; this idea was probably suggested to the Poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—H. N. H.

47. "The *mandrake*," says Thomas Newton in his *Herbal*, "has been idly represented as a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath bene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther, and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried." So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623: "I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*, and am grown *mad* with it."—H. N. H.

That living mortals hearing them run mad:
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his
 shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
 bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.]

SCENE IV

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

58. Such is the closing line of this speech in the quarto of 1597. The other old copies give it thus: "Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink: I drink to thee"; where a stage-direction "*[Here drink.]*" has evidently got misprinted as a part of the text. The oldest reading is retained by all modern editors except Knight, Collier, and Verplanck.—Coleridge remarks upon the passage thus: "Shakespeare provides for the finest decencies. It would have been too bold a thing for a girl of fifteen;—but she swallows the draught in a fit of fright." Schlegel has the same thought: "Her imagination falls into an uproar,—so many terrors bewilder the tender brain of the maiden,—and she drinks off the cup in a tumult, to drain which with composure would have evinced a too masculine resolvedness."—H. N. H.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed; faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. ¹⁰

La. Cap. Aye, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,

What's there?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

2. "*Pastry*," the room where the pastry was made.—H. N. H.

6. "*Cot-quean*" was a term for a man who busied himself over-much in women's affairs: so used down to the time of Addison, as appears from the *Spectator*, No. 482.—H. N. H.

11. The animal called the "*mouse-hunt*" is the martin, which, being of the weasel tribe, prowls about in the night for its prey. "Cat after kinde, good *mouse-hunt*," is one of Heywood's proverbs.—H. N. H.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. [*Exit Sec. Serv.*]

Good faith, 'tis day: 20

The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. [*Music within.*] I hear
him near.

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste: the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I
warrant her, she:

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why,
bride!

What, not a word? you take your pennyworths
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. Madam, madam,
madam!

Aye, let the county take you in your bed; 10
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
[*Undraws the curtains.*

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some aqua-vitæ, ho! My lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee. 20
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the
day!

6. To "*set up one's rest*" was the same as to *make up one's mind*. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. 2, Launcelot has a similar quibble: "As I have *set up my rest* to run away, so I *will not rest* till I have run some ground."—H. N. H.

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time! 30

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,

And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's. 40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face

29. In the first quarto, this speech stands thus:

"Stay! let me see: all pale and wan.

Accursed time! unfortunate old man!"—H. N. H.

40. So in the old copies, but commonly changed in modern editions
to, "life leaving, all is death's."—H. N. H.

41. The quarto of 1597 continues the speech of Paris thus:

"And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day, 50
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now 60
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives
not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

Born to the world to be a slave in it:
Distrest, remediless, and unfortunate.
Oh heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?"—H. N. H.

And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70
 The most you sought was her promotion,
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well married that lives married long,
 But she's best married that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse, and, as the custom is, 80
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary. 90

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
 And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris,
 and Friar.*]

82. "*Fond*"; all the old copies except the folio of 1632 have *some* instead of *fond*.—"In all," of the preceding line, is from the first quarto; the later copies having *And in*.—H. N. H.

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes,
and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Aye, by my troth, the case may be ¹⁰⁰
amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,
Heart's ease:' O, an you will have me live,
play 'Heart's ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease?'

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays
'My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some
merry dump, to comfort me.

101. "*Enter Peter*"; such is the stage-direction of the undated quarto and the folio of 1623. The quartos of 1599 and 1609 have, "*Enter Will Kemp*"; which shows that Kemp was the original performer of Peter's part. It seems not unlikely that this part of the scene was written on purpose for Kemp to display his talents in, as there could hardly be any other reason for such a piece of buffoonery. Coleridge has the following upon it: "As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable. But it is a strong warning to minor dramatists not to introduce at one time many separate characters agitated by one and the same circumstance. It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produce;—the occasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's character, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion."—H. N. H.

107. This is the burden of the first stanza of *A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers*: "Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe."—A *dump* was formerly the term for a grave or melancholy strain in music, vocal or instrumental. It also signified a kind of poetical elegy. A *merry dump* is no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the mouth of Master Peter.—H. N. H.

107–108. "*O play me some merry dump, to comfort me*"; the reading of Qq.; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play
now. 110

Pet. You will not then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the glee; I
will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-
creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dag-
ger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets; 120
I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and
put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my
iron dagger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'— 130

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her sil-
ver sound'?—What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a
sweet sound.

115-116. "*Gleek . . . minstrel*"; a pun is here intended. A
gleekman, or *gligman*, is a *minstrel*. To give the *gleek* meant also
to pass a jest upon a person, to make him appear ridiculous; a
gleek being a *jest* or *scoff*.—H. N. H.

128-130. These lines are from Richard Edwards' *Paradise of
Dainty Devises*, 1576.—I. G.

132. "*Simon Catling*"; this worthy takes his name from a small
lutestring made of catgut; his companion the fiddler, from an instru-

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say, 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say. 140

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:

'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.' [*Exit.*

First. Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ment of the same name mentioned by many of our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round,
And the joyful *rebecks* sound."—H. N. H.

135. "*Pretty*"; so the first quarto; the other old copies, *Prates*, or *Pratest*.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

Mantua. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful
thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think!—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

1. "*flattering truth*"; so Qq., Ff.; Malone following (Q. 1) reads "*flattering eye*"; Collier MS., "*flattering death*"; Grant White, "*flattering sooth*," etc.—I. G.

3-5. "These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakespeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Enter Balthasar, booted.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and
paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

24. "*I defy you*"; Pope's reading; (Q. 1), "*I defie my*"; Qq. 2, 3, 4, F. 1, "*I denie you*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, Q. 5, "*I deny you.*"—I. G.

27. "*I do beseech you, sir, have patience*"; Pope (from Q. 1) reads "*Pardon me sir, I dare not leave you thus*"; Steevens (1793) reads "*Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.*"—I. G.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art
 swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary,
 And hereabouts a' dwells, which late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples; meager were his looks; 40
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now, 50
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house:
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap.

Who calls so loud?

43. "*Alligator stuff'd*"; we learn from Nashe's *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuffed alligator then made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop: "He made an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's crocodile* or *dried alligator*."—H. N. H.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act V. Sc. i.

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor;
 Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear 60
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 70
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
 souls, 80

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,

71. "*Contempt . . . back*"; thus the old copies. Otway copied the line in his *Caius Marius*, only changing *starveth* to *stareth*, which has been adopted into the text by Singer, and may be right. Pope changed "*starveth in thy eyes*" to "*stare within thy eyes*." As it stands, the expression conveys a strong sense, though it will hardly bear analyzing. The two nouns with a verb in the singular was not ungrammatical according to old usage.—In the next line, the first quarto has, "Upon thy back hangs ragged misery," which is strangely preferred by some editors.—H. N. H.

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst
not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me

To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar
John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,

6. "*To associate me*"; each friar had always a companion assigned him by the superior, when he asked leave to go out. In the *Visitatic Notabilis de Seleborne*, a curious record printed in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, "ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur." There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge. So in the poem:

"Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes,
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse
That friers in the towne should seldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent ay *should be accompanide with one*
Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,
In mynde to take some frier to walke the town about."

Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight 21
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

Shakespeare has departed from the poem, in supposing the pestilence to rage at Verona instead of Mantua.—H. N. H.

9-11. It was a part of the constable's business to seal up the doors of plague-stricken houses. The Middlesex Sessions Rolls contain cases of the trial of constables for neglecting this duty.—C. H. H.

18. "*The letter was not nice*"; that is, was not on a *trivial* or *idle* matter, but on a subject of importance.—H. N. H.

SCENE III

A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone ¹⁰
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—

3. "*Yew-trees*"; all the old copies except the first quarto have "*young trees*" instead of "*yew-trees*."—H. N. H.

2–17. Instead of these six lines, the quarto of 1597 has the following seven, which are preferred by some editors:

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity,
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favor at my hands,
That living honor'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."—H. N. H.

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by
moans:

The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch,
mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use 31
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy
limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable by far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take
thou that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good
fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me here-
about:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Retires.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

[*Opens the tomb.*

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which
grief, 50

It is supposed, the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head, 62
 By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:
 Stay not, be gone: live, and hereafter say,
 A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, 70
 boy!

[*They fight.*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
 [*Exit.*

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
 To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
 A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth;

68. "*Conjurations*"; so the quarto of 1597: that of 1599 has *commiration*; the later copies, *commiseration*. *Conjurations* are earnest requests or entreaties: the verb *conjure* is still much used in the same sense. Mr. Collier, however, retains the later reading, alleging that "the sense of *commiseration* is clear; not so of *conjurations*." What can the man mean? *Conjurations* is just the word wanted for the place.—H. N. H.

84. A "*lantern*" does not here signify an enclosure for a lighted

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O, how may I 90
 Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*; that is, a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and sometimes halls are illuminated; such as the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster. The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's *Siege of Edinborough Castle*: "This lofty seat and *lantern* of that land like lodestarræ stode, and lokte o'er ev'ry streete." And in Holland's translation of *Pliny*: "Hence came the *louvers* and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples." A "*presence*" is a public room, which is at times the *presence-chamber of a sovereign*.—H. N. H.

90. "*A lightning before death*"; this idea frequently occurs in old dramas. So in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"I thought it was a *lightning before death*,
 Too sudden to be certain."—H. N. H.

93. "*Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty*"; so in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty, from her body."—This speech yields another apt instance of the care and skill with which the "corrected, augmented, and amended" copy of this play was elaborated. The quarto of 1597 gives merely the following:

"Ah, dear Juliet!
 How well thy beauty doth become this grave!
 O! I believe that unsubstantial death
 Is amorous, and doth court my love:
 Therefore will I, O here, O ever here!
 Set up my everlasting rest,
 With worms, that are thy chamber-maids.
 Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge:
 Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiss I die."—H. N. H.

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in
twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night

102-103. "*Shall . . . amorous*"; the old copies, except the first quarto, read thus: "I will believe, shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous." Where "I will believe" is obviously but another reading for "shall I believe." Collier, however, retains both!—A connection is traceable between parts of this speech and some lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, published in 1592. In the first five lines the ghost of Rosamond is speaking of her death, and in the others is reporting what her royal lover spoke when he came and found her dead:

"But now, the poison, spread through all my veins,
'Gan dispossess my living senses quite;
And nought-respecting death, the last of pains,
Plac'd his pale colours, th' ensign of his might,
Upon his new-got spoil before his right."

"Ah! now, methinks, I see, *death, dallying, seeks*
To entertain itself in love's sweet place:
Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace,
And ugly death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That death itself doubts whether she be dead."—H. N. H.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,

What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour. 130

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone: fear comes upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

122. "*Stumbled at graves,*" etc.:—

"For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within";

3 *Henry VI*, IV. vii.—I. G.

138. "*Dreams*"; "This is one of the touches of nature that would

*Fri. L.*Romeo! [*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
 The stony entrance of this sepulcher? 141
 What mean these masterless and gory swords
 To lie discolor'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
 And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind
 hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

[*Juliet wakes.**Jul.* O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am: where is my Romeo? 150

[*Noise within.*

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that
 nest

Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.

have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision" (Steevens).—H. N. H.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160

[*Exit Fri. L.*

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*

Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*

167. "*Thy lips are warm*"; Shakespeare has been arraigned for making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance, and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. Schlegel remarks, that "the Poet seems to have hit upon what was best. There is a measure of agitation, beyond which all that is superadded becomes torture, or glides off ineffectually from the already-saturated mind. In case of the cruel reunion of the lovers for an instant, Romeo's remorse for his over-hasty self-murder, Juliet's despair over her deceitful hope, at first cherished, then annihilated, that she was at the goal of her wishes, must have deviated into caricatures. Nobody surely doubts that Shakespeare was able to represent these with suitable force; but here every thing soothing was welcome, in order that we may not be frightened out of the melancholy, to which we willingly resign ourselves, by too painful discords. Why should we heap still more upon accident, that is already so guilty? Wherefore shall not the tortured Romeo quietly

'Shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From his world-wearied flesh?'

He holds his beloved in his arms, and, dying, cheers himself with a vision of everlasting marriage. She also seeks death, in a kiss, upon his lips. These last moments must belong unparticipated to tenderness, that we may hold fast to the thought, that love lives, although the lovers perish."—H. N. H.

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there
rust, and let me die.

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
burn. 171

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry. 181

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

Sec. Watch. Here 's Romeo's man; we found him
in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince
come hither.

Re-enter Friar Laurence, and another Watchman.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs
and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

169. "*rust*"; so Qq., Ff.; Hazlitt (from Q. 1) reads "*rest*."—I. G.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo, 191

Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run

With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County
Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,

Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them fit to open 200

These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house

Is empty on the back of Montague,

194. "*Our*"; the old copies have *your* instead of *our*. Johnson made the change, which, though perhaps not necessary to the sense, helps it a good deal.—H. N. H.

203–205. The words "*for lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague,*" are parenthetical. It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So in *Humor's Ordinarie*: "See you yon huge bum dagger at his back?" And in *The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art*, 1570:

"Thou must wear thy sword by thy side,
And thy dagger handsomly at thy backe."

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
 That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
 To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; 210
 Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
 What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
 To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
 Till we can clear these ambiguities,
 And know their spring, their head, their true
 descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
 And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
 And let mischance be slave to patience. 221
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place
 Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
 Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in
 this.

205. "it," i. e. the dagger; so Q. 2; the rest read "is." — "mis-sheathed"; the reading of F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3, Q. 5, "misheathed"; Q. 2, "misshthead"; Qq. 3, 4, "missheath'd"; Jackson conj. "mi-sheath'd." —I. G.

211. After this line (Q. 1) reads "and young Benvolio is deceased too."—I. G.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful
wife:

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage, 241
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay

The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth, 260
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she too desperate would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigor of severest law. 269

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.

Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the
vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.

Where is the county's page, that raised the
watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave; 281

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet. 290
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known, 300
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:

295. "*Brace of kinsmen*," Mercutio and Paris. Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kinsman, in Act iii. sc. 1; and that Paris was also the Prince's kinsman, may be inferred from what Romeo says: "Let me peruse this face; *Mercutio's kinsman*, noble county Paris."—H. N. H.

305. "*A glooming peace*"; the quarto of 1597 reads, "*A gloomy peace*." To *gloom* is an ancient verb, used by Spenser and other old writers.—H. N. H.

308. This line has reference to the poem from which the fable is

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. 310

[*Exeunt.*

taken; in which the Nurse is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the Apothecary is hanged; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage near Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- A, one, the same; II. iv. 229.
 A', he; I. iii. 40.
 ABUSED, disfigured; IV. i. 29.
 ADAM CUPID, (*v. note*); II. i. 13.
 ADVANCED, raised; V. iii. 96.
 ADVENTURE, venture; II. ii. 84.
 ADVISE, consider, think over it; III. v. 192.
 AFEARD, afraid; II. ii. 139.
 AFFECTING, affected; II. iv. 32.
 AFFECTIONS, inclinations; I. .. 135.
 AFFRAY, frighten; III. v. 33.
 AFORE, before; II. iv. 178.
 AFORE ME, "by my life"; III. iv. 34.
 AGAINST, in preparation of; III. iv. 32.
 AGATE-STONE, figures cut in the agate-stone, much worn in rings; I. iv. 55.
 ALL ALONG, at your full length; V. iii. 3.
 ALL SO SOON, as soon; (*all* used intensively); I. i. 143.
 AMBLING, moving in an affected manner; (used contemptuously); I. iv. 11.
 AMBUSCADES, ambuscades; I. iv. 84.
 AMERCE, punish; III. i. 199.
 AN, if; I. i. 4.
 AN IF, if; V. i. 50.
 ANCIENT, old, aged; II. iii. 74.
 ANTIC FACE, quaint mask; I. v. 60.
 APACE, quickly; II. iv. 242.
 APE, a term of endearment or pity; II. i. 16.
 APPERTAINING RAGE TO, rage belonging to; III. i. 69.
 APT TO, ready for; III. i. 46.
 APT UNTO, ready for; III. iii. 157.
 AS, as if; II. v. 16.
 —, namely; IV. iii. 39.
 ASCEND, ascend to; III. iii. 147.
 ASPIRED, mounted to; III. i. 126.
 ASSOCIATE, accompany; V. ii. 6.
 AS THAT, as to that heart; II. ii. 124.
 ATHWART, across, over; (so (Q. 1); Qq., Ff., "*ouer*"); I. iv. 58.
 ATOMIES = atoms, little creatures as tiny as atoms; ((Q. 1), "*Atomie*"; Q. 2, "*ottamie*"); I. iv. 57.
 ATTACH, arrest; V. iii. 173.
 ATTENDING, attentive; II. ii. 167.
 BAKED MEATS, pastry; IV. iv. 5.
 BANDY, beat to and fro, hurry; II. v. 14.
 BANDING, contending, quarrelling; III. i. 96.
 BARE, lean, poor; V. i. 68.
 —, did bear; V. ii. 13.
 BATING, to flap or flutter the wings; a term in falconry; (Steevens' emendation; Qq. 2, 3, Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*bayting*"); III. ii. 14.

Glossary

BEAR A BRAIN, have a good memory; I. iii. 29.
 BECOMED, becoming; IV. ii. 26.
 BEHOVEFUL, befitting, becoming; IV. iii. 8.
 BENT, inclination, disposition; II. ii. 143.
 BEPAINT, paint; II. ii. 86.
 BESCREEN'D, screened, hidden; II. ii. 52.
 BETOSSED, deeply agitated; V. iii. 76.
 BETTER TEMPER'D, of better quality; III. iii. 115.
 BILL, "a kind of pike or halberdt, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen"; I. i. 82.
 BLAZE, make known; III. iii. 151.
 BLAZON, trumpet forth; II. vi. 26.
 BRACE, couple; V. iii. 295.
 BRIEF, briefly; III. iii. 174.
 BROAD GOOSE; "far and wide a b. g.," prob.=far and wide abroad, a goose; (some lost allusion perhaps underlies the quibble); II. iv. 91.
 BROKEN, cracked; I. ii. 54.
 BROW, face, countenance; (Collier MS. and Singer MS. "*bow*"); III. v. 20.
 BURN DAYLIGHT, "a proverbial expression used when candles are lighted in the day-time" (Steevens); hence, superfluous actions in general; here "waste time"; I. iv. 43.
 BUTT-SHAFT, "a kind of arrow used for shooting at butts; formed without a barb, so as to be easily extracted" (Nares); II. iv. 18.
 BY AND BY, directly; II. ii. 152.

THE TRAGEDY OF

BY MY FAY, by my faith; (a slight oath); I. v. 130.
 BY MY TROTH, by my truth, on my word; II. iv. 129.
 BY THE ROOD, by the cross; (a slight oath); I. iii. 36.
 CAITIFF, wretched, miserable; V. i. 52.
 CANKER, canker-worm; II. iii. 30.
 CAPTAIN OF COMPLIMENTS, "complete master of all the laws of ceremony"; II. iv. 22.
 CARRY COALS, endure affronts; (the carriers of coal, prob. charcoal, were the lowest menials; *cp.* "blackguard," originally the attendants upon the royal household's progress); I. i. 1.
 CHAPLESS, without jaws; IV. i. 83.
 CHARGE, weight; V. ii. 18.
 CHEERLY, cheerily; I. v. 18.
 CHEVERIL, the skin of the kid; II. iv. 92.
 CHINKS, a popular term for *money*; I. v. 121.
 CHOP-LOGIC, sophist; III. v. 150.
 CIRCUMSTANCE, details; II. v. 36.
 CIVIL, sober, grave; III. ii. 10.
 CLOSE, closely, very near; III. i. 41.
 CLOSED, enclosed; I. iv. 110.
 CLOSELY, secretly; V. iii. 255.
 CLOSET, chamber; IV. ii. 33.
 COCATRICE (called also basilisk); the fabulous serpent, said to kill by a look; III. ii. 47.
 COCK-A-HOOP; "set c.-a-h.," *i. e.* "pick a quarrel"; I. v. 85.
 COCKEREL, young cock; I. iii. 53.
 COIL, ado, confusion; II. v. 69.
 COLDLY, coolly, calmly; III. i. 58.
 COME NEAR YE, hit it; I. v. 24.

- COMFORTABLE, helpful, full of comfort; V. iii. 148.
- COMMISSION, warrant; IV. i. 64.
- CONCEALED, "secretly married"; III. iii. 98.
- CONCEIT, imagination; II. vi. 30.
- CONCLUDES, ends; III. i. 195.
- CONDUCT, conductor; V. iii. 116.
- CONDUIT, referring to the human figures on wells which spouted water; III. v. 130.
- CONFOUNDS, destroys; II. vi. 13.
- CONJURATIONS, entreaties; (Q. 2, "commiration"; Q. 3, F. 1, "commiseration"; Capell, "conjurat[i]on, etc."); V. iii. 68.
- CONSORT, used with play on the two meanings of the word; (i.) a company of musicians, (ii.) associate, keep company; III. i. 51.
- CONSORT, consort with, keep company with; III. i. 139.
- CONSORTED, associated; II. i. 31.
- CONSORT'ST, dost keep company; III. i. 48.
- CONTENT THEE, keep your temper; I. v. 70.
- CONTRARY, contradict, oppose; I. v. 89.
- CONVOY, conveyance; II. iv. 211.
- CORSE, corpse; III. ii. 128.
- COT-QUEAN, a man who busies himself with women's business; IV. iv. 6.
- COUNTERFEIT; "gave the c.," played a trick; II. iv. 53.
- COUNTERVAIL, balance; II. vi. 4.
- COUNTY, count; I. iii. 106.
- COURT-CUPBOARD, side-board for setting out plate; I. v. 8.
- COURTSHIP, courtliness; III. iii. 34.
- COUSIN, a term used for any kinsman or kinswoman; I. v. 34.
- COVER, book-cover; used with a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* (*feme covert*) in law French (Mason); I. iii. 88.
- CROSS, perverse; IV. iii. 5.
- , thwart, hinder; V. iii. 20.
- CROTCHETS, used with play upon both senses of the word (i.) whims, fancies; (ii.) notes in music; IV. v. 120.
- CROW, crow-bar; V. ii. 21.
- CROW-KEEPER, scarecrow; I. iv. 6.
- CRUSH A CUP, (*cp.* modern phrase *crack a bottle*); I. ii. 89.
- CUNNING, skill, art; II. ii. 101.
- CURES WITH, is cured by; I. ii. 50.
- CURFEW-BELL, the bell ordinarily used for the ringing of the curfew at night; IV. iv. 4.
- CYNTHIA, the moon; III. v. 20.
- DAMNATION; "ancient d.," "old sinner"; III. v. 235.
- DARED, challenged; used with play upon the two senses of the word; II. iv. 13.
- DARES, ventures; II. iv. 13.
- DATE, time, duration; I. iv. 108.
- DATE IS OUT, time has long gone by, is out of fashion; I. iv. 3.
- DATELESS, without date, without limit; V. iii. 115.
- DEAR, true; ((Q. 1), "*meere*"); III. iii. 28.
- , important; V. ii. 19.
- DEATH, to death; III. i. 143.
- DEFENSE, defensive weapons; III. iii. 134.
- DEMESNES, landed estates; (F. 4, "*demeans*"); III. v. 182.
- DENY, refuse; I. v. 23.
- DEPART, go away, part; III. i. 59.

Glossary

DEPEND, impend; III. i. 128.
 DESPERATE, reckless; III. iv. 12.
 DESPITE, defiance; V. iii. 48.
 DETERMINE OF, decide; III. ii. 51.
 DEW-DROPPING SOUTH, rainy south;
 (it was a common belief that
 all diseases and noxious va-
 pors came from the south); I.
 iv. 103.
 DIGRESSING, deviating; III. iii.
 127.
 DISCOVER, reveal; III. i. 151.
 DISCOVERED, betrayed; II. ii. 106.
 DISLIKE, displease; II. ii. 61.
 DISPARAGEMENT, injury, harm; I.
 v. 74.
 DISPLANT, transplant; III. iii. 59.
 DISPUTE, argue, reason; (Ff. 1, 2,
 "*dispaire*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*de-
 spair*"); III. iii. 63.
 DISTEMPERATURE, disease; II. iii.
 40.
 DISTEMPER'D, diseased; II. iii. 33.
 DISTRAUGHT, distracted; IV. iii.
 49.
 DIVISION, "variation, modula-
 tion"; III. v. 29.
 DOCTRINE, instruction; I. i. 250.
 DOFF, put off; II. ii. 47.
 DOUBT, fear, distrust; V. iii. 44.
 DRAVE, did drive, urged; (Q. 2,
 "*drive*"); I. i. 129.
 DRIFT, plan, scheme; IV. i. 114.
 DRY-BEAT, thrash; III. i. 86.
 DUMP, a melancholy strain in
 music; IV. v. 108.
 DUN'S THE MOUSE, keep still; (a
 proverbial expression not yet
 explained); v. Note; I. iv. 40.
 ELF-LOCKS, hair supposed to be
 matted together by the elves;
 (Qq. 2, 3, F. 1, "*Elklocks*");
 I. iv. 90.
 EMPTY, hungry; V. iii. 39.
 ENCOUNTER, meeting; II. vi. 29.

THE TRAGEDY OF

ENDART, dart; ((Q. 1), "*en-
 gage*"; Pope, "*ingage*"); I. iii.
 98.
 ENFORCE, force; V. iii. 47.
 ENPIERCED, pierced through; I.
 iv. 19.
 ENTRANCE (trisyllabic); I. iv. 8.
 ENVIOUS, malignant; III. ii. 40.
 ETHIOP, a native of Ethiopia; I.
 v. 48.
 EVENING MASS, the practice of
 saying mass *in the afternoon*
 lingered on for some time; IV.
 i. 38.
 EXPIRE, end; I. iv. 109.
 EXTREMES, extremities, suffer-
 ings; IV. i. 62.
 EXTREMITY; "everything in e,"
i. e. at a desperate pass; I. iii.
 103.
 FAIN, gladly; II. ii. 88.
 FAIR, fair one, beautiful woman;
 Prol. II. 3.
 FANTASTICOES, coxcombs; (Ca-
 pell's reading (from Q. 1));
 Qq. 2, 3, 4, Ff. 1, 2, "*phanta-
 cies*"; Q. 5, Ff. 3, 4, "*phanta-
 sies*"; Collier MS., "*phantas-
 tickes*"); II. iv. 29.
 FAREWELL COMPLIMENT, away
 with ceremony; II. ii. 89.
 FEARFUL, full of fear; III. iii. 1.
 FEELING, heartfelt; III. v. 75.
 FEE-SIMPLE, hereditary and un-
 conditional property; III. i.
 36.
 FESTERING, rotting; IV. iii. 43.
 FETTL, prepare; III. v. 154.
 FINE, penalty; (Warburton's
 emendation of Qq., Ff., "*sinne*"
 and "*sin*"); I. v. 98.
 FIRST HOUSE, "first rank among
 duelists," or, "of the best
 school of fencing"; II. iv. 28.

- FITS**; "it fits," it is becoming; I. v. 79.
- FLECKED**, spotted; [Steevens' reading (from Q. 1); Qq., "*fleckeld*"; F. 1, "*fleckled*"; Pope, "*flecker'd*"; Capell, "*flecker'd*"]; II. iii. 3.
- FLEER**, sneer; I. v. 61.
- FLIRT-GILLS**, flirting women; (*Gill* was a familiar name for a woman); II. iv. 169.
- FLOWERED**, alluding probably to the shoes *pinked* or punched with holes; II. iv. 69.
- FOND**, foolish; III. iii. 52.
- FOOLISH**, trifling; I. v. 126.
- FORBEAR**, abstain from; III. i. 94.
- FORM**, used with play upon both senses of the word; II. iv. 39.
- FORSWORN**; "be f.," commit perjury; III. v. 197.
- FORTH**, from out of; I. i. 128.
- FORTUNE'S FOOL**, the sport of fortune; III. i. 145.
- FRANK**, liberal; II. ii. 131.
- FREE-TOWN**, Villafranca; I. i. 111.
- FRIEND**, lover; III. v. 43.
- FRIGHTED**, frightened, terrified; I. iv. 87.
- FROM**, away from, to avoid; III. i. 33.
- FURNISH**, deck; IV. ii. 35.
- GEAR**, matter; II. iv. 107.
- GHOSTLY**, spiritual; II. ii. 189.
- GIVE LEAVE**, leave us; a courteous form of dismissal; I. iii. 7.
- GIVE YOU**, i. e. retort by calling you; IV. v. 117.
- GLEEK**, scoff; ("*give the g.*") to pass a jest upon a person; IV. v. 115.
- GLOOMING**, gloomy; V. iii. 305.
- GOD-DEN**, good evening; I. ii. 59.
- GOD GR' GOD-DEN**, God give you a good evening; (Qq., Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Godgigoden*"; Capell, "*God gi' go' den*"; Collier, "*God gi' good den*"; Staunton, "*God ye good den*"); I. ii. 60.
- GOD SAVE THE MARK**, "originally a phrase used to avert the evil omen,= saving your reverence, under your pardon; here 'God have mercy'"; III. ii. 53.
- GOD YE GOOD DEN**, God give you good evening; II. iv. 121.
- GOD YE GOOD MORROW**, God give you good morning; II. iv. 120.
- GOOD GOOSE, BITE NOT**, a proverbial expression, (found in Ray's "*Proverbs*"); II. iv. 87.
- GOODMAN BOY**, a familiar appellation; I. v. 81.
- GORE**; "gore blood"= clotted blood; III. ii. 56.
- GRACE**, virtue, potency; II. iii. 15.
- GRIEVANCE**, grief, sorrow; I. i. 166.
- GYVES**, fetters; II. ii. 180.
- HAI**, a home-thrust in fencing; II. iv. 30.
- HALL**; "a hall, a hall," make room; I. v. 30.
- HAP**; "dear h.," good fortune; II. ii. 190.
- HARLOTRY**, a term of contempt for a silly wench; IV. ii. 14.
- HAVE AT THEE**, be warned, take care; I. i. 81.
- HAVIOR**, behavior; II. ii. 99.
- HE**, man; V. i. 67.
- HEALTHSOME**, wholesome; IV. iii. 34.
- HEARTLESS**, spiritless, cowardly; I. i. 75.
- "HEART'S EASE"**, a popular tune of the time; IV. v. 102.
- HEAVINESS**, sorrow; III. iv. 11.

Glossary

HEAVY, sad, troubled; I. i. 146.
 HIE YOU, hasten; II. v. 72.
 HIGH-LONE, alone, without help;
 (Q. 2, "*hylone*"; Q. 3, "*a lone*";
 other editions, "*alone*"); I. iii.
 36.
 HIGHMOST, highest; II. v. 9.
 HILDING, base wretch; III. v. 169.
 HINDS, serfs, menials; I. i. 75.
 HIS, its; II. vi. 12; V. iii. 203.
 HOAR, hoary, mouldy; II. iv. 146.
 HOLIDAME, halidom, salvation;
 (used in swearing); I. iii. 43.
 HOLP, helped; I. ii. 49.
 HOMELY, plain, simple; II. iii. 55.
 HONEY NURSE, a term of endear-
 ment; II. v. 18.
 HOON, cover with a hood, (as the
 hawk was hooded till let fly at
 the game); III. ii. 14.
 HUMOROUS, moist, capricious,
 (used quibblingly); II. i. 31.
 HUMOR, inclination, bent; (Qq. 4,
 5, "*humour*"; Q. 2, "*humor*";
 the rest read "*honour*"); I. i.
 138.
 HUNTS-UP, "the tune played to
 wake and collect the hunters";
 III. v. 34.
 I'LL BE A CANDLE-HOLDER, I'll be
 an idle spectator; (a proverbial
 phrase); I. iv. 38.
 ILL-DIVINING, misgiving; III. v.
 54.
 IMPEACH, accuse; V. iii. 226.
 IN, into; V. i. 8.
 INCONSTANT, capricious, fickle;
 IV. i. 119.
 INHERENT, possess; I. ii. 30.
 INDITE, (?) insist on inviting;
 (Q. 1, Ff. 3, 4, "*invite*"); II.
 iv. 142.
 IN HAPPY TIME, à propos, pray
 tell me; III. v. 112.
 IT, its; I. iii. 52.

THE TRAGEDY OF

JACK, a term of contempt for a
 silly fellow; III. i. 12.
 JAUNCE, jaunt; II. v. 26.
 JEALOUS, in any way suspicious;
 V. iii. 33.
 JEALOUS-HOOD, jealousy; IV. iv.
 13.
 JOINT-STOOLS, folding chairs; I.
 v. 7.
 JOY, rejoice; II. ii. 116.
 KEEP, make; III. iv. 23.
 KINDLY, exactly, aptly; II. iv. 64.
 LABEL, a seal appended to a
 deed; IV. i. 57.
 "LADY, LADY, LADY," a phrase
 quoted from the old ballad of
Susanna; II. iv. 158.
 LAMMAS-EVE, the day before
 Lammastide, *i. e.* July 31st; I.
 iii. 17.
 LAMMAS-TIDE, the 1st of August;
 I. iii. 15.
 LANTERN, a turret full of win-
 dows; V. iii. 84.
 LATE, lately; III. i. 135.
 LAY, wager, stake; I. iii. 12.
 LEARN, teach; III. ii. 12.
 LEARN'D ME, taught myself; IV.
 ii. 17.
 LET, hinderance; II. ii. 69.
 LEVEL, aim; III. iii. 103.
 LIEVE, lief, gladly; II. iv. 223.
 LIKE, likely; IV. iii. 36.
 LIKE OF, like; I. iii. 96.
 LIST, choose; I. i. 48.
 LOGGER-HEAD, blockhead; IV. iv.
 20.
 LONG, "I. to speak," long in
 speaking, slow to speak; IV. i.
 66.
 LONG SPINNERS' LEGS, long-legged
 spiders; I. iv. 59.
 LOVE, *i. e.* Venus; II. v. 7.

- MAB, the queen of the fairies; I. iv. 53.
- MADE, was doing; V. iii. 280.
- MAMMET, puppet; III. v. 186.
- MANAGE, course; III. i. 152.
- MANAGE, handle, use; I. i. 78.
- MANDRAKE, a plant, the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure, and when torn from the earth to cause madness and even death; IV. iii. 47.
- MARCHPANE, a kind of almond paste; I. v. 9.
- MARGENT, margin; I. iii. 86.
- MARK, elect; I. iii. 59.
- MARK-MAN, marksman; I. i. 218.
- MARRIAGE (trissyllabic); IV. i. 11.
- MARRIED, harmonious; (the reading of Q. 2; other editions "*seuerall*") ; I. iii. 83.
- MEAN, means, instrument; III. iii. 45.
- MEASURE, a stately dance; I. iv. 10.
- MEDICINE, medicinal; II. iii. 24.
- MERCHANT, used contemptuously; II. iv. 160.
- MEW'D UP, shut up; III. iv. 11.
- MICKLE, great; II. iii. 15.
- MINION, saucy person; originally — a spoiled darling, a favorite; III. v. 152.
- MINSTREL; "give you the m.," *i. e.* call you a minstrel, glee-man, (with a play upon "to give the gleek"); IV. v. 116.
- MINUTE, minutes; V. iii. 257.
- MISADVENTURE, misfortune; V. i. 29.
- MISTEMPER'D, "compounded and hardened to an ill end"; I. i. 96.
- MODERN, commonplace, trite; III. ii. 120.
- MOODY, peevish, angry; III. i. 14.
- MORROW, morning; II. ii. 186.
- MOUSE-HUNT, a woman-hunter; IV. iv. 11.
- MOVED, exasperated; I. i. 7.
- MUCH UPON THESE YEARS, about the same age; I. iii. 72.
- MUFFLE, hide; V. iii. 21.
- "MY HEART IS FULL OF WOE," a line of a popular ballad of the time; IV. v. 107.
- NATURAL, idiot; II. iv. 101.
- NAUGHT, bad; III. ii. 87.
- NEEDLY WILL, of necessity must; III. ii. 117.
- NEEDY, joyless; ((Q. 1), "*needful*") ; III. v. 106.
- NEIGHBOR-STAINED, stained with the blood of countrymen; [*"neighbour-stained steel,"* instead of "*neighbour-stained soil*" (Daniel)]; I. i. 91.
- NEW, just; I. i. 167.
- , afresh, anew; I. i. 113.
- NICE, trifling; III. i. 163.
- NONE; "she will n.," *i. e.* she will none of it, she will have nothing to do with it; III. v. 140.
- NOTE, notice; I. v. 73.
- NOTED, noticed, observed; V. i. 38.
- NOTHING, not at all; I. i. 121.
- O, grief, lamentation; III. iii. 90.
- ODDS; "at o.," at variance; I. ii. 5.
- O'ER-PERCH, leap over, fly over; II. ii. 66.
- OLD, accustomed, practiced; III. iii. 94.
- ON, of; I. iv. 72, 73, 74.
- ONCE, only; I. iii. 61.
- OPERATION, effect; III. i. 8.
- ORCHARD, garden; II. i. 5.
- OSIER CAGE, basket made of the water willow; II. iii. 7.

Glossary

OUTRAGE, outcry; V. iii. 216.
OVERWHELMING, over-hanging; V. i. 39.
OWES, OWNS; II. ii. 46.
PALY, pale; IV. i. 100.
PART, side; I. i. 123.
PARTISAN, a kind of halbert, or pike; I. i. 82.
PARTS, natural gifts, endowments; III. iii. 2.
PASSADO, a thrust in fencing; II. iv. 29; III. i. 88.
PASSING, surpassingly; I. i. 246.
PAST COMPARE, past comparison; II. v. 43.
PASTRY, the room in which pies were made; IV. iv. 2.
PAY, give; I. i. 250.
PEEVISH, silly, childish; IV. ii. 14.
PERFORCE, compulsory; I. v. 93.
PERDONA-MI'S, people who are continually saying *pardon me*; (Q. 4, 5, "*pardona-mees*"; (Q. 1), "*pardon-mees*"; Q. 2, "*pardons mees*"; Theobald, "*pardonnez-moy's*"); II. iv. 39.
PERUSE, examine; V. iii. 74.
PHAETHON, the son of Helios, the Sun god, who ambitiously tried to drive the chariot of his father; III. ii. 3.
PILCHER, scabbard; (used contemptuously); III. i. 87.
PIN, the center of the butt in archery; II. iv. 17.
PLANTAIN-LEAF, (supposed to be efficacious in healing wounds); I. ii. 53.
PLATS, plaits, braids; I. iv. 89.
PLUCKS, pulls; II. ii. 181.
POOR JOHN, a coarse kind of fish, salted and dried; called also *hake*; I. i. 38.

THE TRAGEDY OF

POPERIN PEAR, a kind of pear; II. i. 38.
PORTLY, well-bred; I. v. 70.
POST; "in p." in haste, post-haste; V. iii. 273.
PRESENCE, presence-chamber, state room; V. iii. 86.
PRESENT, immediate, instant; IV. i. 61.
PRETTY FOOL, a term of endearment; I. iii. 31.
PREVAILS, avails; III. iii. 60.
PRICK, point; II. iv. 119.
PRICK-SONG, music sung from notes; II. iv. 23.
PRINCE OF CATS, (used with reference to *Tybalt*, the name of the cat in *Reynard the Fox*); II. iv. 21.
PRINCOX, pert boy, saucy boy; I. v. 90.
PROCURES, causes her to come; III. v. 68.
PRODIGIOUS, monstrous; I. v. 144.
PROOF, experience; I. i. 181.
PROPERER, handsomer; II. iv. 225.
PROROGUE, delay; IV. i. 48.
PROROGUED, put off, delayed; II. ii. 78.
PUMP, low shoe; II. iv. 69.
PUNTO REVERSO, a back-handed stroke in fencing; II. iv. 29.
PURGE, clear from suspicion; V. iii. 226.
PURGED, cleared from smoke; (Johnson conj. "*urg'd*"; Collier MS., "*puff'd*"); I. i. 202.
QUIT, reward; II. iv. 212.
QUOTE, take note of; ((Q. 1), "*coate*"; Q. 2, "*cote*"); I. iv. 31.
RAPIER, a small sword used in thrusting; I. v. 59.

- REASON**, speak, talk; III. i. 58.
RECKONING, estimation; I. ii. 4.
REEKY, squalid, foul; IV. i. 83.
REMEDIES; "both our r.," the healing of both of us; II. iii. 51.
RESPECTIVE, regardful; III. i. 132.
REST YOU MERRY, *i. e.* God rest you merry, God keep you merry; a form of salutation mostly used at parting; I. ii. 65.
RETORTS, throws back; III. i. 173.
ROPERY, roguery, tricks; (F. 4, "*Roguery*"; (Q. 1), "*rope-ripe*"; II. iv. 161.
ROSEMARY, a herb used at bridals and burials; IV. v. 79.
ROTE; "did read by rote and could not spell," "consisted of phrases learned by heart, but knew nothing of the true characters of Love" (Schmidt); II. iii. 88.
RUNAGATE, vagabond; III. v. 90.
RUNAWAYS', (v. Note); III. ii. 6.
RUSH'D; "r. aside the law," "with partial eagerness eluded the law"; (Capell conj. and Long MS., "*push'd*"; Collier MS., "*brush'd*"; III. iii. 26.
RUSHES, the covering of the floors; I. iv. 36.
SACK, destroy; III. iii. 107.
SADLY, seriously; I. i. 213.
SADNESS, seriousness; I. i. 205, 208.
SCANT, scarcely; I. ii. 104.
SCATHE, harm; I. v. 86.
SET ABROACH, incited, caused; I. i. 113.
SET UP MY REST, make up my mind, remain; a phrase taken from gaming; V. iii. 110.
SHIELD; "God s.," God forbid; IV. i. 41.
SHIFT, change; I. v. 2.
SHRIFT, confession and consequent absolution; IV. ii. 15.
SHRIVED, given absolution; II. iv. 203.
SIMPLENESS, folly; ((Q. 1), "*willfulness*"; III. iii. 77.
SIMPLES, medicinal herbs; V. i. 40.
SINGLE-SOLED, contemptible; II. iv. 74.
SIRRAH, a term of address to an inferior; IV. ii. 2.
SIR-REVERENCE, a contraction of *save reverence* (*salvâ reverentid*); used apologetically, when referring to something improper; I. iv. 42.
SKAINS-MATES, (?) scapegraces (v. Note); II. iv. 170.
SLIP, used with a play upon slip = a counterfeit coin; II. iv. 56.
SLOP, large loose breeches; II. iv. 52.
SOBER-SUITED, quietly clad; III. ii. 11.
So HO! a sporting term; II. iv. 143.
SOLEMNITY, celebration of nuptials; IV. v. 61.
SOME OTHER WHERE = somewhere else, elsewhere; I. i. 209.
SOMETIME, sometimes; I. iv. 79.
SOON-SPEEDING, quickly acting, quickly despatching; V. i. 60.
SORT, choose, select; IV. ii. 34.
SORTED OUT, found out, discovered; III. v. 110.
SPANISH BLADES, Spanish swords; Toledo, in Spain, was famous for the temper of its swords; I. iv. 84.

Glossary

SPED, despatched, undone; III. i. 98.
 SPITE, vexation; II. i. 27.
 —, "in s. of me," in defiance, to my mortification; I. i. 88.
 SPLEEN, heat, impetuosity; III. i. 166.
 SPOKE HIM FAIR, spoke to him with gentle words; III. i. 162.
 STARVETH, "looks out hungrily"; V. i. 70.
 STATE; "here stands all your s.," "the whole of your fortune depends on this"; III. iii. 166.
 STAY, detain; V. iii. 187.
 —, linger; III. iii. 148.
 —, wait for; II. v. 36.
 STAY'D, delayed; V. iii. 251.
 STEADS, helps; II. iii. 54.
 STILL, always; I. i. 182.
 STINT, cease; I. iii. 58.
 STOCCATA, a thrust in fencing; [*"Alla stoccata,"* Knight's emendation of Qq., F. 1, *"Alla stucatho"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Alla-stucatho"*; Theobald, Capell, *"a la stoccata"*]; III. i. 80.
 STRAIGHT, straightway; I. iii. 104.
 STRAIN'D, forced; II. iii. 19.
 STRAINS, constrains, wrenches; (F. 1, *"streames"*); IV. i. 47.
 STRANGE, reserved, distant; II. ii. 101, 102.
 —, retiring, unfamiliar; III. ii. 15.
 STRATAGEMS, amazing deeds; III. v. 211.
 STRUCKEN, struck; I. i. 244.
 SUBSTANTIAL (quadrisyllabic); II. ii. 141.
 SURCEASE, cease to beat; IV. i. 97.
 SWASHING, dashing; (Qq. 2, 3, Ff., *"washing"*); I. i. 71.
 SWEETING, a kind of sweet apple; II. iv. 88.

THE TRAGEDY OF

SWEET WATER, perfumed waters; V. iii. 14.
 SWOUNDED, swooned; III. ii. 56.
 TACKLED STAIR, rope ladder; II. iv. 209.
 TAKE ME WITH YOU, let me understand aright; III. v. 142.
 TAKE THE WALL, get the better of; (used quibblingly); I. i. 15.
 TASSEL-GENTLE, male hawk; II. ii. 160.
 TEEN, sorrow; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"teeth"*); I. iii. 13.
 TEMPER, mix; III. v. 98.
 TENDER, bid, offer; III. iv. 12.
 —, hold, regard; III. i. 77.
 TETCHY, fretful, peevish; I. iii. 32.
 THEE, thyself; V. iii. 3.
 THEREWITHAL, with it; V. iii. 289.
 THOROUGH, through; II. iv. 16.
 THOUGHT, hoped; IV. v. 41.
 THOU'S, thou shalt; I. iii. 9.
 TIMELESS, untimely; V. iii. 162.
 TITAN, the sun-god; II. iii. 4.
 TO, as to; II. iii. 92.
 TO-NIGHT, last night; I. iv. 50; II. iv. 2.
 TOWARDS, at hand; I. v. 126.
 TOY, folly, idle fancy; IV. i. 119.
 TRENCHER, plate; I. v. 2.
 TRIED, proved; IV. iii. 29.
 TRUCKLE-BED, a bed running on wheels, to be pushed under another, called a standing-bed; II. i. 39.
 TURN THEE, turn thyself round, turn; I. i. 76.
 TUTOR, teach; III. i. 33.
 UNATTAINED, sound, impartial; I. ii. 94.

- UNBRUISED**, unhurt; II. iii. 37.
UNCOMFORTABLE, cheerless, joyless; IV. v. 60.
UNFURNISH'D, unprovided; IV. ii. 10.
UNMANN'D, untrained, (a term of falconry); III. ii. 14.
UNSTUFF'D, not overcharged; II. iii. 37.
UTTERS THEM, causes them to pass from one to another; V. i. 67.
VALIDITY, value; III. iii. 33.
VANISH'D, issued; III. iii. 10.
VANITY, trivial pursuit, vain delight; II. vi. 20.
VERONA STREETS, the streets of Verona; III. i. 96.
VERSAL, universal; II. iv. 227.
VIEW, outward appearance; I. i. 180.
 —, sight; I. i. 182.
VISOR, mask; I. v. 24.
WARE, aware; I. i. 123.
WAX; "a man of w.," as pretty as if he had been modeled in wax; I. iii. 76.
WAXES, grows; I. v. 130.
WEEDS, garments; V. i. 39.
WELL SAID, well done; I. v. 90.
WHAT, who; I. v. 116.
 —, "what dares," how dare; I. v. 59.
WHO, which; I. i. 121; I. iv. 100.
 —, he who; I. i. 139.
WIT, wisdom; I. iv. 49.
 —, "sentiments"; I. i. 215.
WITH, by; I. iv. 57.
 —, through; V. iii. 50.
WITHAL, with, by it; I. i. 121.
WITHOUT, outside of; III. iii. 17.
WOT, know; III. ii. 139.
WRIT, written; I. iii. 82.
WROUGHT, brought about; III. v. 145.
YET NOT, not yet; II. ii. 58.
YOND, yonder; I. v. 132.
'ZOUNDS, a contraction of "God's wounds"; an oath; (Ff., "Come"); III. i. 55.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By ANNE THROOP CRAIG

GENERAL

1. What internal evidence is there to place Romeo and Juliet among the early love-plays?
2. What three chief forms of mediæval poetry are found in the play?
3. What were the sources probably consulted by Shakespeare for the plot?
4. Were there other plays on this theme? Cite literature upon it.
5. What gives the play its striking unity of effect?
6. Analyze the theme. What is the essential philosophy of it? What ethical deductions may be drawn from it?
7. What condition of affairs is punished in the death of the lovers?
8. Why did the deaths of Romeo and Juliet have a more potent effect upon the feud of the houses than the previous sacrifice to it, of Tybalt and Mercutio?
9. Compare Romeo's state of emotion in the case of Rosaline with his love for Juliet.
10. Describe the characters of Romeo and Juliet, and the qualities of their love.
11. What is the climacteric of Juliet's character development?
12. Describe Mercutio. Contrast him with Tybalt. With Benvolio.
13. How is the character of the Nurse valuable as a dramatic contrast for Juliet?
14. Designate the groupings of characters, and the respective parts of each in the dramatic construction. De-

ROMEO AND JULIET

Study Questions

scribe their movements, each through its own principal motive, towards the climax of the central action.

15. What is the individual significance of Friar Laurence in the drama?

16. What does the Prologue set forth?

ACT I

17. What does the first action of the play set forth?

18. What is the attitude of the Prince towards the family feud of the Capulets and Montagues?

19. What persons of the play discuss Romeo and his state of mind? How does the drift of the talk continue when he enters?

20. What does Capulet propose to Paris? What is his project for the evening, in conjunction with this?

21. Why does Benvolio propose to Romeo that he go to the Masque at the house of Capulet?

22. What is the theme of the third scene?

23. Describe the first meeting of Romeo and Juliet.

24. How does Juliet go about to find who Romeo is? What is Romeo's exclamation upon finding who she is?

ACT II

25. What does the Chorus set forth at the beginning of this Act?

26. Where does the opening scene discover Romeo?

27. What have Benvolio and Mercutio to say about him in this scene? What is Romeo's comment, upon overhearing them?

28. Wherein is the especial beauty and the convincing element in the expressions of Romeo and Juliet through the balcony scene? Describe the scene.

29. Describe the introduction of Friar Laurence.

30. What is the nature of his reply and counsel to Romeo?

31. What comment does he make upon Rosaline's view of Romeo's sentiment for her?

32. Why had Tybalt sent a letter to the house of Montague?

33. How does Mercutio set off Tybalt in his description?

34. Describe the encounter of wits when Romeo joins Mercutio and Benvolio in scene iv.

35. What purpose does the entry of the Nurse serve in this scene, for the expedition of Romeo's plans?

36. What constitutes the peculiarly natural element in the dialogue between Juliet and her Nurse when the latter returns with messages from Romeo in scene v?

37. How does the act conclude?

ACT III

38. What tragic occurrences are there in the first scene? What brings them about?

39. What is characteristic in the utterances of Mercutio when he is wounded to the point of death?

40. How does Benvolio explain the occurrences to the Prince?

41. Comment upon Juliet's soliloquy at the beginning of scene ii, and her lines upon hearing the news from her nurse. What is her reproof to her Nurse?

42. Why is it impossible for Romeo to accept the Friar's philosophy calmly, upon hearing the news of his banishment? How is his way of receiving it a key to the very elements of his nature and his love that precipitate the catastrophe?

43. With what reproof and advice does the Friar finally calm him? How does the Nurse serve the predicament at this point?

44. What are Juliet's parents planning for her meanwhile?

45. Describe the parting scene between Romeo and Juliet.

46. What news does Lady Capulet bring to Juliet, and how do she and her husband receive Juliet's refusal of the County Paris?

ROMEO AND JULIET

Study Questions

47. Upon Juliet's realization of the Nurse's character, to what does she awake,—and what does she decide to do?

ACT IV

48. How does the Friar receive the County Paris's news?

49. What advice does the Friar give Juliet in her distress, and what means of escape does he devise for her? How have we been prepared for his knowledge of such means as he suggests?

50. How does she carry out the first part of his advice? How, the latter part? Describe the dramatic development of her lines and action in taking the Friar's drug.

51. Describe the scene of the discovery of the supposedly dead Juliet.

52. What is the dramatic effect of the appended scene of the musicians at the end of this act?

ACT V

53. What is the effect of Romeo's cheerfulness in the opening lines, by contrast with the almost instant sequel of fatality?

54. Where do Romeo's lines express a tragic consciousness of the fatal prepartion of incidents towards a catastrophe?

55. What is the fatality connected with Friar Laurence's letter to Romeo? Does the incident seem inevitable?

56. What passes between the County Paris and Romeo in the churchyard? What impression of Paris does this scene supply?

57. What incidents develop the fatality in scene iii?

58. What does the Friar suggest to Juliet upon her awakening? What is made to occur that takes him away and leaves her alone?

59. What elements are given to the death of the lovers that would have been lost if Juliet had awakened before the poison had had its full effect upon Romeo?

Study Questions

ROMEO AND JULIET

60. What is the value of the concluding scene? What would be the result in the impression left by the drama, if it were omitted?

